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MEMORIALS
OF
LUCY M. HOLY.

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MEMORIALS OF LUCY MARIA HOLY.

L. M. HOLY.

MEMORIALS

OF

LUCY MARIA HOLY.

"I see in part
That all, as in some piece of art,
Is toil co-operant to an end."

LONDON:
S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1872.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following sketch is designed principally for the use of the friends of her of whom it speaks. Such will be glad to have an outline, however feeble, of that character which charmed them so much. To others it may be helpful, marking, as it does, the struggles heavenward of a sister-spirit. It is hoped, therefore, though the sketch is far below the life, that it will be read not merely as a duty imposed by affection, but that much benefit may result therefrom to the reader.

"She hath escaped all danger now,
Her pain and sighing all are fled;
The crown of joy is on her brow,
Eternal glories o'er her shed.
In golden robes, a queen, a bride,
She standeth at her Saviour's side,
She sees His face unveil'd and bright;
With joy and love He greets her soul,
She feels herself made inly whole,
A lesser star amid His light."

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CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD.

"Loving she is, and tractable, though wild;
And innocence hath privilege in her
To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes;
And feats of cunning; and one pretty round
Of trespasses, affected to provoke
Mock chastisement and partnership in play."

LUCY MARIA HOLY was born at Norton House, near Sheffield, June 7th, 1843. She possessed as an infant all that makes infancy lovely and endearing, with a temperament of so sunny and sweet a character that she was rarely or never heard to cry. With her opening years, strongly-marked mental features began to show themselves, and to develope with her growth, many of which remained with her as long as she abode on earth, ever making her life distinct and individual. Though a life with such lines as these can hardly be read correctly, and is perhaps better left to Him who gave it to sit in judgment on it, still it will be interesting to note these distinguishing features, and to observe how the imperfect was checked and trained, and that which would have

marred was refashioned, so that through grace—human and divine—the unbeautiful became beautiful, the evil or perverted good was to some extent turned into a right channel, and the world bettered through having had this life in it.

We are told that she displayed at an early period self-will and obstinacy to a greater degree than most children, giving the idea that she was intensely human—as the human now is; this was manifested in a pertinacity and determination which made the work of training both interesting and difficult, the difficulty being increased rather than relieved by her indifference to punishment, which she was apt to take with great nonchalance, and directly the pressure was removed, all trace of sorrow or annoyance disappeared, and her laughter-loving eyes bespoke almost too soon the composure that reigned within. An instance of this singular indifference to punishment may amuse the reader. Most children are more or less alive to personal disgrace—not so the little Lucy, who was on one occasion condemned by her governess for some misdemeanour to stand on the hall table with fool's-cap and bells; this form of pillory, which would almost have crushed some children, and would have disconcerted most, made no impression whatever upon her; fool's-cap and bells were toys, and standing on a table was a trifle to this strong young spirit, who showed by such daring that she was one of whom much might be hoped; though, if she were to be properly

educated, the ingenuity of parents, teachers, and nurses must be taxed to the utmost. The charge was a grave one: to teach life's alphabet to such a soul was no easy task.

Her buoyancy, as is natural, was accompanied by a forgiving temper; she knew but little of resentment, and nothing of malice; those who corrected her, and those who annoyed her, were not by thus treating her deprived of her friendship or separated from her love. At this early age there was too much brilliancy for her to be severely stricken, and too much nobleness not readily to forgive. The kindness of heart which this bespeaks expressed itself more particularly in a love for children and animals, which she retained with unimpaired freshness to the end; and it imparted a loveliness to the youthful life, making her a general favourite, noticed and petted by all—a dancing sunbeam, refreshing and reviving all within its influence.

But to be just—even at the risk of being charged with inconsistency—we must now notice the early manifestation of some of those strange antitheses, which are always to be discovered where there is strength of character. It has been said that "a faculty, without the opposite faculty, is not a power;" and in the subject of this memoir buddings of such opposites were seen at a very early stage. Among these we must note a constant unpunctuality and unreadiness amounting to

slowness; notwithstanding her vivacity, the intensity of her life never greatly quickened its footsteps. It may be that thus power was gained, but the gain was generally considered, both by herself and others, to be a faulty one. Faulty or not, it grew with her life, causing her many a struggle, and wringing from her many a lamentation. She could not "make haste," and to be urged to it only ruffled her temper, whilst it failed to quicken her steps. This, without doubt, was physical rather than mental, for in after years she confessed that it gave her palpitation of the heart to hurry, and probably in childhood, in spite of apparent health and energy, a feeble circulation had much to do with what seemed to some a misdemeanour. What we speak of as blemishes, and censure accordingly, would often awaken our sympathy instead, if we could trace out the cause; but it is sad to think that even so fair a blossom was not without spot or blemish.

Another apparent anomaly lay in a mixture of boldness with fear which she ever revealed; though, generally speaking, daring and courageous to a high degree, yet, in relation to some things, she not only manifested a strong antipathy, but was extremely nervous. Of "creeping things" she had always a real dread. She felt pain acutely, and was easily depressed by illness. Whilst a child she not only possessed a general consciousness of the supernatural, but was haunted by fears of it; this so strongly

influenced her that dread of the unseen would sometimes so fill her with terror as to break her night's repose, and render sleep an impossibility.

School duties, to a body and mind thus wrought, could hardly be a delight—self-will, spiced with petulance, and combined with a love of fun, do not generally agree with the restraint of school-rooms and lesson-books; hence she found these things irksome, though she had the power to learn fast enough when inclination led that way; and by means of a memory which was singularly retentive and entirely at her command, she could always make the most of what she knew. Still play, rather than work, was the great attraction; and open-air pursuits, such as working in her garden, running, climbing, and riding, she much preferred to other sorts of teaching.

She early displayed a taste for music, which deepened into a love for it; and at Christmas-tide, when but a child, thoroughly enjoyed the glorious anthems from the "Messiah," which were sung at the Carver Street Chapel in Sheffield, to which she was taken by her parents; and so deep was the impression made on her, that those seasons were never forgotten, but were frequently alluded to with pleasure in after-life. It was evident that at the time these strains had fallen on no careless ear, unable to appreciate the beauties they contain, for, with the sweet voice of childhood, she would sing all over the house the principal melodies she had heard.

She evidently possessed those faculties which dispose to religion, so that even before her mind was seriously impressed by religious truth, there was always a love for worship, whether of a public or private character; in the services of the sanctuary she behaved in a manner not generally to be observed amongst children, whilst at home she was not only pleased to listen to prayer, but likewise loved to pray.

CHAPTER II.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

"A higher Hand must make her mild,
If all be not in vain; and guide
Her footsteps, moving side by side,
With Wisdom, like the younger child."

IT is always difficult to give an outline of the features of a soul, much more to produce a faithful portrait; and we feel, however difficult this may be in general, that it is particularly so in this case, for in many respects Lucy was hard to be understood, and in some, we believe that everyone failed to understand her. It often seemed to us that there was some obliquity, or else some deep recess which we could never penetrate; something hardly straight, or in some way defective, which, whilst it rendered many things in her character extraordinary, interfered with the beauty and perfection of the whole. As the result of this, those nearest her never felt perfectly sure of the course they should pursue in relation to her; and many difficulties consequently prevailed. This being the case, we can hardly hope to give a perfect picture, or convey an adequate idea of that

which constituted her true self, seeing that, while she was amongst us, there was in her the unknown; for perfect knowledge we must await the brighter light, when that which is "in part" only "shall be done away."

But though we cannot hope by any means to grasp the life in its entirety, there are manifestations of it which we can reach, and much to be spoken of that rendered her attractive to all with whom she came in contact, enabling her to exercise a powerful influence, though often quite unconsciously to herself. It is for us now to inquire into the secret of this influence, and to consider the separate elements which, combined, produced an effect so powerful.

Commencing with the physical, there can be little doubt that her personal charms contributed much to her attractiveness; the tall, commanding figure, brilliant complexion, and open forehead; a peculiarly guileless and child-like expression of eye, winning smile, and stately mien, formed an *ensemble* but rarely met with, and as striking as it was remarkable; in her case, however, beauty was not made the food of vanity, nor employed to draw forth idle compliment, but, as a talent committed to her charge, it was duly consecrated, and consequently, in the restoration of all things, it will blossom forth in greater and enduring loveliness.

The nature thus embodied was endowed with a deep sympathy, which, combined with a strong imagination, enabled her in no small degree to secure

a strong hold upon others, as by such means she could readily stand with them, as it were, on the foundation of their life, making herself one with them in their circumstances, difficulties, and pursuits; it was not a hard thing to her to comply with the apostolic exhortation—"to rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." This gift, while it rendered her at will a charming companion, was likewise of especial service in fitting her to enter into the requirements of, and to assist, those who were in spiritual need.

It might easily be imagined in such a case, her powers of conversation were of a superior order, as she was able at once to take an intelligent interest in whatever subject was broached, and likewise to give vivid descriptions of whatever had come within the range of her careful and minute observation—which was materially assisted by her remarkable memory, through which she could readily command whatever she had heard or read; while her wit and humour enabled her to seize upon the ludicrous in every passing incident, and turn it to good account. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that she was regarded as an acquisition wherever she went, and was the life of every circle of which she chanced to be a member; to this may be added her pure unselfishness and care for the happiness of others, showing itself in frequent arrangements for their occupation and amusement; all of which rendered her eminently successful in society.

Her talent for music formed another source of social attraction; and as she devoted much time to its study, she became proficient. She had a thorough appreciation of the great masters of the art, and much preferred their sublime works to the ordinary *morceaux de salon* and fashionable ballads. But though her love for music was strong, amounting almost to passion, yet she had it completely under control. This love abode with her to the end, for only a few hours before her death she asked to be played to, and enjoyed listening to Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," which, in their exquisite grace and depth of meaning, could hardly fail to minister delight to such a soul, though hovering on the borders of the spirit-land; while almost the last sounds that fell upon her ears were the words of the well-known hymn—"Rock of Ages," sung to an equally well-known tune. Her truly refined taste, combined with her religion, led her to be very particular as to the words sung, either by herself or others. The writer well remembers how she objected even to hearing a beautiful air from "Faust," because set to operatic words; thus showing that anything but true harmony was to her distasteful. When a song was really fine, both in words and musical utterance, all her enthusiasm would come out in rendering it; and few who have heard her sing Haydn's "Spirit-Song," or other masterpieces, will forget the fire of soul which she threw into them.

Strength of determination was another of her

characteristics, which we witnessed in the wilfulness of her childhood; it continued with her in her later years, and it was to this she probably owed in great measure her power for good over others; when once she had made up her mind to win some wanderer to Christ, to encourage some drooping soul, or to reclaim some backslider, no apparent obstacle, however great, would deter her from her purpose. By bold rebuke of sin, glowing exhortations to holiness, earnest, loving endeavour, and above all by her bright example of stedfastness and energy, maintained by a strong and child-like trust, she was made the instrument of good to many, whilst many more were comforted and edified through the strong, bright hope she had in consequence of the purity of her faith.

We have entered thus minutely into a consideration of Lucy's personal influence, because it formed the key-stone of her life and character; this was the secret of her strength, and no biography of her could have the least pretension to reality without dwelling upon this her leading feature. We may now pass more rapidly over what remains.

It may be supposed that such a nature could not be without strong capabilities of affection, and as deep as strong, though the rich dower of her love was confined to the few. She was extremely fond of children, and was deeply interested in watching their little ways, and analyzing their characters from the indications thus given; she had also quite a gift for teaching, and was never more happy than when

surrounded by a group of little ones, to whom, through her powers of description, she was always able to make an incident in the life of Christ most interesting, and to impart instruction of abiding value by explaining some hymn or passage of Scripture suited to their tender years.

She was equally successful in her undertakings with older girls, who were deeply impressed by her clear exposition of the doctrine and duties taught in the Word of God; while her vivid imagination never failed to supply her with happy illustrations in support of the lessons she desired to enforce. Plans for the welfare of this class of persons occupied her attention to the last.

This passion for teaching often manifested itself in a desire to set every one—as she thought—right, and would sometimes launch her into serious difficulties, for it is human to resent interference that seems uncalled for; but when such attempts had given offence, Lucy would always express her sorrow, though she could never understand why people were vexed at her endeavours to correct them. Naturally, she possessed but little veneration, though she had a keen sense of the fitness of most things, and would therefore direct her elders as freely as those who were younger than herself, seeking ever to mould people and things to her ideas of how and what they ought to be.

Her loving disposition further revealed itself in kindness to the poor. It was a happiness to her to

relieve the necessitous, and without thought of self, she was always ready to serve them, whilst at the same time she endeavoured to get them to help themselves; and though she was sometimes imposed upon, hopefulness prevented discouragement, and would not permit her to abandon even those who had deceived her; while her ready sympathy enabled her to enter into and to realise the temptations and difficulties of their lot, and to make large allowance for their failures. She was especially tender with those who had seen better days, and through misfortune had been reduced to poverty; she displayed much tact and delicacy in rendering to such the assistance which they required, and was ever ready to contribute in company with others to the support of schemes for the amelioration of their sorrows, and to aid in the spread of truth amongst them.

Her idea of duty was so strong that it amounted almost to severity, so as to inspire her with an ascetic tendency; when once she felt assured that a certain course of action was right, nothing was allowed to deter her from carrying it out. This was sometimes much to be regretted, as her opinions on this head were not always wisely formed, and her notions of right sometimes led her astray. This was undoubtedly the case in her connection with a school, in Althorp-street, Leamington, established for the poor and destitute children in that neighbourhood, in which she took great interest. The room used for the work was small, and situated at some distance from

her home; this, in conjunction with the labour of teaching, told injuriously upon her already weakened constitution; still she would persist in carrying on her labours there—as she conceived it to be her duty,—notwithstanding the remonstrances of those about her.

Closely allied with her sense of duty was that of honour, of which it is impossible to speak too highly. No temptation, however strong, could induce her to do anything dishonourable; guileless and pure, she shrank from the bare possibility; and the depths of her soul, clear and unsullied, reflected nought that was unlovely.

Her general temperament led rather to the artistic than the practical; in fact, for every-day life she had but little idea of the useful. Allusion has already been made to her love of music; she was also fond of the sister-arts, a characteristic which displayed itself in her love for pictures, and in her arrangement of flowers, in which she manifested exquisite taste; and such work never failed to give her pleasure. Closely connected with this was her attachment to country life, the simplicity, beauty, and freedom of which she could fully appreciate, and as fully enjoy. She could endure the conventional, and even shine, surrounded by it; but it was in freer spheres that she found most delight.

She had another taste uncommon for a woman, and perhaps the more so, when combined with a temperament of this kind; she was deeply interested in

mechanics. The machinery annexes at the various exhibitions were a great attraction to her; nor would she rest until she had obtained a knowledge of the principles on which the different machines were formed, and by which they were regulated.

One other feature of her character deserves notice: except when quite a child, she was rarely satisfied; there seemed ever to be a deep, earnest craving for something beyond. Her ideal of what she and others should be was high, too high probably for human soul to reach; and, ever aspiring to it, there was consequent unrest. Morbidly distrustful of herself, she would often bitterly regret what she thought to be her shortcomings—shortcomings, however, which should have been traced to the physical and to our present state of existence, rather than to moral or spiritual defect—defect no longer mourned over in the higher state of life to which she has passed.

CHAPTER III.

RELIGIOUS LIFE.

"Long do they live, nor die too soon,
Who live till life's great work be done."

LUCY MARIA was early dedicated to God and taken to His house. Writing of the goodness of the Lord which she had through life experienced, she makes the remark, "In my earliest infancy I was taught the Bible, and many times has the Holy Spirit striven with me."

When she was about ten years old, and was staying at Hastings, her first conscious act of self-consecration to God took place, during a prayer-meeting held one Sabbath evening at the close of an impressive sermon. From that hour she ever appeared to feel with more or less distinctness the claims which the Lord had upon her love and service.

When she was fourteen she began to keep a weekly record of her thoughts and feelings, her omissions and failings, as far as she could ascertain them after diligent self-examination and prayer: this

practice she continued till her death, believing it to be one from which she derived much benefit.

One of the earliest entries in this private register is as follows :—

"September 20th, 1857.—Oh, I have been so naughty during the week; on Tuesday, I did not pray properly in the morning, so I was wrong all day, loitered instead of writing, read tales instead of practising. Oh, that God may help me by His Holy Spirit to conquer this *time-wasting*, soul-destroying habit of devouring a tale-book; but I find that if Satan finds one temptation does not do, he tries another, whilst *I* think that if I resist one I have done. I must pray against this unwatchfulness."

At this period, Lucy was an earnest and sincere inquirer after the way of salvation. Her cry often was, "Oh, I do so want someone who can guide me into all truth." Nor did she cry in vain. The One so much desired, the Heavenly Father and Comforter, was even then at hand, waiting to perform His gracious work.

A measure of saving faith had on several occasions during this year, 1857, been bestowed upon her, as we find from her memoranda. She began to see that in proportion as she trusted in Christ alone for salvation, peace and joy flowed into her soul.

We now come to that eventful day, the brightest to her of all others, on which she laid down her burden of sin at the foot of the cross, and rested joyfully in the assurance that she had "redemp-

tion through His blood, even the forgiveness of sin."

It was Lucy's custom to retire every Sunday evening, after the public services of the day were over, for the purpose of reading her Bible and prayer. On one of these occasions, in the spring of 1858, after she had been engaged in reading the 2nd chapter of Ephesians, and meditating specially upon the thirteenth verse, which speaks of those "once afar off, made nigh by the blood of Christ," the happy change in her experience occurred. It is recorded by her with characteristic simplicity:—

"April 18th.—'Now in Christ Jesus ye who were sometime afar off, are made *nigh* by the *blood* of *Christ*.' To-day, particularly, I had been wondering why I did not love God, when God evidently loved me so. So I prayed very much to ask God to make me love Him. Well, it came to me that if I would just offer the righteousness of Christ, God would look at that, and not my wickedness, and accept me; so I did: I just went out of myself, and offered Christ, and then I felt that God was my *reconciled* Father, and then *all* the *love* came."

The day, the hour, the solemn exercises of private devotion being made thus memorable to her, and doubly sacred, we are not surprised to find that she was encouraged to persevere in a habit which she had found to be so fruitful of blessing. Of these happy seasons of retirement she was accustomed to say, "I used to go to heaven every Sunday." Lucy's

religious experience was ever marked by great sincerity, candour, and earnestness.

"The least omission" pained her "well-instructed soul." Every rebuke of the Holy Spirit caused her to sorrow after a godly sort. "What carefulness it wrought in her, what indignation, what fear, what vehement desire, what zeal, what revenge," the pages of her diary abundantly testify, and how heartily and steadily she tried to conquer her faults.

Some extracts will best exhibit the leading features of her life and character.

"August 15th, 1858.—This evening I have had such a delightful talk with God. Oh, that I could say I talked more with God than with man."

"October 31st.—I seem to feel more and more nearly every Sunday the mercy of God in setting aside *one* day out of every seven for His particular service; if He had not in mercy done this, many a soul happy now in heaven would never have got there."

"March 13th, 1859.—It is now in Lent. I am rather divided as to whether we should fast or not. It seems fit that we should keep in mind the temptation and victory of Christ for us, but we never read of Jesus telling His disciples to do so. I think, taking one thing with the other, that during Lent we need not abstain from *ordinary* things, but that it is well for us not to indulge in particular delicacies, or those we are not accustomed to, the very abstaining from which will help to keep us in mind of our

blessed Saviour's temptation, and so enable us to guard ourselves, and watch and pray; but I take it as being optional. I have during this week particularly prayed for the Holy Spirit; I want a *rich baptism* of it, and am comforted by the assurance, 'though it tarry, wait for it, because it *will surely* come, it will not tarry.'"

"April 17th (after suffering from an attack of low fever).—I think that as I have got better I have not been *quite* so cross, but then that is no merit, as *I ought* to be better as I get stronger; but then if Jesus had not helped me, I should no doubt have been as bad as before. My illness has, I think, brought me nearer to Jesus. The other night I was thinking of one who did not love the Saviour, and I half wondered how it was, as I thought how lovely He was, and, oh, how my heart warmed with love to my meek and lowly Saviour! How beautifully He has shown *me*, even *me*, His loveliness, in reading St. John's Gospel; how I long to be like Him, and yet how very far I am from it. I thank Him that He lets me get well slowly, so that I am not plunged *suddenly* into the world, as it were, for I am apt to start aside like a broken bow. And yet 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon Thee, because he trusteth in Thee.' The thing is to *trust* in *God* at *all times*."

"June 5th.—This is the last Sunday I shall spend in my sixteenth year. I have lived nearly sixteen years upon earth. Oh, that I had been sixteen years

on my heavenly journey; where might I not now have been? Truly we are never *too young* to begin to serve the Lord. Oh, Lord Jesus, grant that I may press on in my Heavenly journey; may I 'give all diligence,' may I be shown all the 'weights and sins which do most easily beset me, and may I run with patience the race which is set before me, looking unto Jesus;' if I should live another year, may I have to look back, and see far in the distance the point where I am now; and if it should please Thee to take me to Heaven in this year, may my constant conduct the short time Thou allowest me, testify to all around that I have been with Thee."

We have already noticed Lucy's great love for children. All through her life the subject of their conversion was one in which she was intensely interested, and also in the means to be adopted for their training in the right way. When only fourteen years old, she gathered some little ones together, who lived near her home at Norton, and gave them a Bible-lesson every Sunday evening. Many allusions to her young charge are found in her diary; and, while she earnestly encouraged them to pray for the gift of the Holy Spirit, she herself was ever an unwearied pleader with God on their behalf: hence the Lord often cheered her with manifest tokens of His blessing. In a paper written about this time, containing a list of subjects for intercession in her private prayers for each day of the week, we find:—"Sunday—Revival of God's work, especially among the children."

Again: "Friday—My children." "Saturday—Out-pouring of the Holy Spirit, especially upon children."

"October 16th.—I thank God that He has granted me to overcome *some* temptations of the adversary. Have been exhorting the children to give their own selves to God, and pray for the out-pouring of His Holy Spirit upon all the children in the parish. I do believe that if we have faith enough, God will indeed pour out His Spirit upon the children, and that there will be a glorious harvest for Him who said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.'"

The following "questions for self-examination" were written, or copied out, by Lucy for her own use about this time:—

"Have I been sincere in all my actions and words?

"Have I tried to deceive in any way?

"Have I tried to avoid all light and giddy conversation?

"Have I tried to be more watchful against Satan's wiles?

"Have I tried to be less selfish?

"Have I tried to be less fond of doing right to gain the praise of men than to please God?

"Have I been less occupied in discovering the faults of others?

"Have I been more occupied in correcting my *own* faults?

"Have I been more anxious to do everything to the glory of God?

"Have I watched against a repining spirit?

"Have I been more charitable?

"Have I tried to do everything to the glory of God?

"Have I been less idle? more industrious?"

"March 18th (1860).—Some nights I have been out at my regular praying hour at night. I find one of the subtle serpent's wiles is to keep me loitering away my time to prevent my praying—anything to prevent prayer; but in the help of the Lord, whatever he does, he shall not do this; for if I cannot pray, I will fall on my knees and strive to do it. I can at at least say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' If prayer was not of much use, Satan would not strive so earnestly to prevent it. But let me take heed lest he next tries to make me *rely* on my prayers. Oh! that God would

> "'Pour out the supplicating grace,
> And stir us up to seek His face;
> Wean my soul, and keep it low,
> Willing Thee alone to know.'

"Meeken my spirit, Thou Heavenly Lamb."

"April 15th.—On Friday the Lord inclined my heart to long for greater conformity to the mind of Jesus. Thinking of heaven, I quite agree with a good man, that the greatest wonder when I get there will be to find *myself* there."

"July 1st.—The Lord has been very good unto me to-day. He has given me grace to withstand one temptation, and overcome another, though I was

overcome by another; but it is very good of Him giving me a cross to bear for Him, counting me worthy. Oh! may I ever love His yoke, and never depart from it, either to the right hand or to the left. On Monday papa and I are going to travel . . . . O Lord, I besceech Thee, give me such a measure of Thy grace that under all circumstances I may always remember whose I am, and whom I serve, and may those around me take knowledge by my *constant* life and conversation that I have been with Jesus. Oh! what will my next entry be? Lord Jesus, grant me this one petition, May I live in the spirit of prayer, never, never forgetting Thee, morning and afternoon, to thank Thee for the mercies of the day. Hear me, O God of my salvation, and deliver me, and turn away my sins, for Thy dear Son's sake."

"15th.—Oh, how hard it is to keep right among the ungodly. I used to think it would not be; but when you love them, and do not wish them to think you mopy, and do not how to do right, it is very hard. None but God can so direct me that on the one hand I may not make shipwreck of faith, and, on the other, do right with becoming modesty and unaffectedness. It is so difficult to be bold as a lion, and meek as a lamb."

"August.—I have been reading 'A Scruple of Conscience,' in Krummacher's 'Elijah,' where he shows most plainly 'the friendship of the world is enmity with God.' This is the question: Shall I join with the world in so-called harmless amusements,

and court its favour and good opinion, with 'Be not deceived, God is not mocked, whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap?' . . . . I am determined to know nothing else, O World, among you, save Jesus and Him crucified; and the life I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved *me* and gave Himself for *me*. It is by far the *most* costly to live in the friendship of the world, and in enmity with God. My mind is made up: I will be wholly the Lord's. He alone can keep me from falling, and preserve me blameless until the coming of the Lord Jesus, 'Whom having not seen, we love.' "

In the foregoing paragraphs from Lucy's diary, we notice her unwavering decision to be the Lord's,—a decision which she did not form hastily, but by sitting down first and counting the cost, according to our Lord's own advice to His followers. Having, by the grace of God, been enabled to choose Christ and His ways, the wearing of His yoke, the taking up of His cross, with the promise hereafter of the immortal crown, she, by the same grace, carefully sought to maintain consistency of conduct as a Christian in all places whither she went, and among all classes of society. Frank and fearless, she everywhere avowed her discipleship; when occasion offered, she set forth the principles which governed her life, and hesitated not to hold fast to them when all around differed from her. Such uprightness of behaviour won for her universal respect, and when she spoke of the

sinner's danger, and of the freeness of the redemption purchased by the blood of Christ, and urged an immediate attention to the great matter of personal salvation, few took offence at her words, for, as she would say, she spoke gently to those who would not bear much, and then carried their case to Him "who seeth in secret."

On the opening Sabbath of the year 1861, Lucy was present for the first time at the annual "Covenant Service," and thus publicly and solemnly took the vows of God upon her. She was then visiting an aunt in Manchester, and the service alluded to was held in the Wesleyan Chapel, Grosvenor-street. Her record of this date is:

"June 6th. — Staying at Grove House. — We attended the Covenant service in the afternoon; it was very solemn, and I trust I made it without any guile or reservation, feeling that of myself I could do nothing, but that my sufficiency was of God."

"March 17th.—I rejoice with trembling; I rejoice that my loving God has kept me by His spirit hitherto, and I tremble lest by grieving and slighting Him, I should provoke Him to depart from me. Oh, how much have I to do!—a life-time is not too long to be entirely taken up with going from one degree of strength to another."

"June 2nd.—In reading Alleine's 'Rebuke to the Backsliders,' I was struck with the remark, 'You that are not for painstaking, there you must lie, and

pine, and perish.' This is my case. I forget to 'fight the good fight of faith;' I forget that it is *not* something pleasant—*that* would not be fighting —it is the denying and resisting of my worldly inclination. It is the 'putting a force upon myself to do my duty'—tearing my thoughts away from worldly things (whether they will it or not) by the help of God. O Thou enlightening Spirit, strengthen me to 'fight the good fight of faith,' and 'lay hold on eternal life.'

"August 11th.—Received the Sacrament this morning. As I returned to the pew I asked myself why I had not received the blessing which I had been looking for; and came to the decision that it was because I expected no *definite thing*—an abundant reason. God is not to be expected to deal promiscuous blessings, when we do not take the trouble of acquainting ourselves with our wants. Here I see an answer to prayer. I felt there was a something I did wrong; it is I do not *bend* my *mind* to discover my necessities. I have remained hitherto with a constant, *undefined* want which has never been definitely supplied in consequence."

September 22nd, from Stirling, Lucy thus wrote to her friend and cousin at Southport:—

"My dear Cousin E——,

"How delighted I am to find myself again holding sweet counsel together with you after so long a silence. I have half-an-hour before dinner, and I intend it to be a happy one. I know, dear E., your

uppermost thought will be, How is the spiritual life? My answer is, though I am conscious of *great* shortcomings, yet my endeavour is to press on, to grow in grace, to increase and abound in *love; to deny* myself, and take up my *cross*, and follow my Saviour; and I find it surely brings its reward; my Father's yoke is easy, and His burden light, if we are content to bear it. The longer I live, and the more I see of life, the more I am convinced of the *preciousness* of religion, and the infinite superiority of the Christian, with his cross and his Guide, to the worldling with his unsatisfactory pleasures.

"E., dear, you know I often murmured at being thrown into circumstances which I regarded as uncongenial to religion: but I do not now, for I believe that being *tempted myself*, and having had none to rely upon but God, it has made me more fit to succour those who are tempted. I cannot tell you exactly how it is, but it seems to me that it has tended to preserve me from having got into a religious *form* without the spirit, and kept me much from getting a set of religious expressions which, full of holy meaning in *themselves*, are too often used by those who have none of their own, and who in doing so soon make the world, which is very quick-sighted, jump to the conclusion that it is all cant. You will, I think, dear, understand what I mean. Oh, how He leads me constantly by a way that I know not, and ever guides me when I keep close to Him; and I *believe* the Holy Ghost teaches me what to speak to 'him that is weary.' I am perfectly convinced by experience that whatsoever we desire when we pray, we have to *believe* that we receive it, and we *have* it."

December 8th, Lucy writes from Norton to the same:

"Last Wednesday, after having had my mind filled with serious things all day (which I find disposes the heart to communion with God), I came and entreated God to open my eyes to see myself—to show me the way wherein I must walk; in fact, I felt blind, and knew not which way to turn. Well, I took my Bible, and searched in it as I never remember having done before; everything seemed to come as I wanted. I grasped the meaning; and at length, when I was obliged to leave it, I did so with the conviction that my great mistake has been my losing sight of the fact that Christ died to save me, not only from the guilt, but the *power* of sin—'the body of sin is *destroyed*'—'we are *dead* unto *sin*'—'made *free* from sin.' All the Epistles speak in the same strain. Surely this cannot be explained away as meaning anything but that 'the old man' is crucified with Christ, and the constant tendency to sin taken away from those who are justified by *faith*."

Thus waiting upon God in believing expectation of receiving larger measures of the Holy Spirit's sanctifying power, Lucy was prepared to enter with due solemnity and earnestness upon the services which marked the commencement of a new year. Her diary shows us that not only in public, in association with God's people, but also in private, in the quiet of her own closet, she renewed her vow to be wholly the Lord's.

"I have entered on the beginning of another period of time with joining myself in a perpetual

covenant to Christ the Lord; and oh, solemn thought! the day that we avouch ourselves to take Christ as our Master, He avouches us to be His peculiar people. How holily, and justly, and unblameably must I walk! I have vowed not to let myself, in *any* known sin. I trust in the help of God's grace; I would ever look out of myself and lean on Him; oh, that in spiritual characters may be written on me, 'Holiness to the Lord.' I take Christ as my Head and Husband, ever obeying Him in all things that I see are His commands, in taking up my cross, that hereafter, when He sees fit, I may wear the crown, not wishing to find any content in earthly things, but in loving and pleasing Him alone; all this, and more, I promise, relying on the promise of Jehovah's help and grace, and seeking evermore to keep hold of His strength.

"LUCY MARIA HOLY."

"Norton House,

"*January 5th*, 1862."

"March 16th.—My Saviour hath invited me to His Supper to-day, and He prepared my heart to receive it. I read 'Taylor on the Holy Sacrament,' and though I tried to prepare myself all the week to receive it, I was obliged to look for grace and faith from the Holy Spirit at last this morning. Oh, that I always had His gracious assistance!"

April 4th, Lucy writes to her cousin E. from Norton:—

"I am reading those beautiful chapters in St. John, xiv., &c., and can hardly leave them . . . . . Last

night, when praying, I felt such an earnest desire to be able to adopt David's words, 'Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks, so *panteth* my soul after Thee, O God.' It struck me as being the *expression* of Love, and I felt if *that* were mine, all other things would be added unto me. Cousin, darling, I do feel that I am being taught by the Good Spirit (however slowly I may learn), for when I read what good men of God have written for our guidance, I find they are just those things that have been presented to my mind. I think, too, I can say I love God's Word a little, and sometimes when I look back through the day I can see times when I have been *kept* from sinning; it has not even been a *struggle*, but an Arm seems to have been thrown around me and preserved me. Oh, will not He who has *begun* the good work, carry it out till I am made perfect in love, in spite of all my foes, and, worst of all my foes, 'the enemy within?'"

July 6th. In another note to the same, Lucy refers to a blessed baptism of the Holy Spirit which she had experienced.

"Elizabeth will have told you of the love which has been shed abroad in my heart. O cousin, dear, I cannot help weeping for joy when I think of it; I feel as if I belonged to Him, and He to me, and joy flows from it. My religion has hitherto been one of fear more than love—the law instead of the Gospel; nor have I fully apprehended the meaning of the words, 'without money and without price,' till now. I want love and I ask for it, without a thought of my state. It seems all so clear and simple, yet it is made so by the Spirit of God. How often have you

shown me this; I read it, heard it, yet never received it into my heart till last Tuesday; yet there appeared no reason why that should be the day—I was cross and tired when I came into my room for prayer; truly our times are in God's hand."

Lucy frequently visited the poor who lived in the neighbourhood of Norton House; these visits were to her own personal advantage, as much as to their delight and benefit. Many a lesson of contentment, and of the value of religion to cheer and sustain its pessessor amid the most trying circumstances, she learned when sitting on the hearth, or standing by the bed of the poor, but pious cottager. In one of her letters Lucy mentions one such visit made by her to an aged sufferer.

"I am striving this week to live more according to the mind of Jesus, so as to please Him. I went to see an old woman on Monday who seems to me very near heaven; and it seemed as if words were put in my mouth, for she was so cheered when I reminded her of the promises to Christ's people; and as I sat there talking of heavenly things, I almost wished I could spend my life that way, and never come in contact with the dazzling glitter of the world, but make it my one great business to make my calling sure; but at such moments I forget that 'the enemy within' would still remain, and that Satan does not wholly depend upon the *world* for snares for our feet. It is, indeed, difficult to keep the glory of the prize in view, and I feel often that, with

my unstable nature, I should have 'drawn back unto perdition,' if it had not been for the constant prayers offered up on my behalf. *I* cannot recompense these dear ones, but they shall in no wise lose their reward. It was such a treat to see your dear mamma at Parr's Wood; it seems to me that the pleasure of seeing pious loved ones is unalloyed."

Again, to the same, Lucy writes, December 9th :—

"My chief hindrance in my warfare is my neglect of *thought;* I can read and talk; but think! My spirit rebels against it. I do not say, 'I will resolve to *make* myself *think.*' I have learnt better, but I will *try*, humbly looking to the Lord, of whose mercy it is that I am not consumed. I have looked out your texts, and find them very suitable; 'to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin,' and great has been mine on this account; therefore, lately I have prayed that my strength may keep pace with my knowledge. I did not know of your 'class;' how their conversion (referring to that of some young persons) must have rejoiced you! I hope that they will all steer clear of those rocks that I have dashed against. If it is not *very* presumptuous, may I say, do warn them against *reading much* and *thinking little.*"

Writing again to the same, November, 1863, Lucy expresses her desire to be more intensely anxious for the salvation of others; yet this was a work for God which she never overlooked.

"Yesterday a measure of light and love was again

granted (after having, as she thought, yielded to temptation in a matter of conscience), and it was impressed upon me 'go, *work*;' and when I thought that what I professed to believe had been accomplished *for* and *in* me, it seemed astonishing that I, or any, should be content to stand *idle* in the vineyard a single day. I long to be in earnest about the salvation of souls around me, to feel deep anxiety, and offer fervent, believing prayer for them, and to live to Him who has borne my sins. I am again convinced that I must deny *myself*, take upon me Christ's yoke, bear His burden; but I must have His love, which will make *this* light, *that* easy. My feeling now is that I am out of Sodom, but not safe in all the plain; I must haste to plant my feet upon the mountain of Love, lest I be consumed. I see *Christ* must *dwell in me*. Next Sunday I hope to partake of the Lord's Supper, in humble expectation of receiving a blessing."

On the 15th, Lucy writes in her diary:—

"I was a guest at the table of the Lord this morning. I believe I was bidden of Him, and there feasted; and now how should the guests of our exalted Saviour walk, but in robes of *white!*—denying all ungodliness and *worldly* lusts, we must live soberly, righteously, and godly. I was enabled to believe that I should be strengthened to this end, but I am cold and unaspiring. Love does not yet dwell in my heart, neither is my whole soul wrapped in the flames of desire! I seem to have but a foot-

hold of salvation, there is *much* land to be possessed; the Canaanite still dwells in dens, and openly on the plains. But my *Joshua* will give *me* the victory through His might."

December 6th.—Her cry is still the same, desiring to be filled with love.

"Oh, I am nothing of myself; the hearth is only warm when the *fire* is there. I am but a hearth-stone, wishing to be warmed with the fire of Christ's love, kindled by the Spirit."

On the 15th (in a note to her cousin): "I rejoice to be able to say that the Spirit is again working in my heart, so that my desire goes out after God. I am looking forward to the Sacrament on Christmas Day, and the Covenant service. I feel that I have no ground for hoping to live to the glory of God *after*, if I do not *before*. I was struck with Dr. Guthrie's remarks about standing idle in *Good Words* for December. The only *profitable* work is that for Eternity."

January 3rd, 1864.—Lucy renewed her covenant with God. In the following week she went to Leamington, "looking for spiritual good, and trusting to walk humbly with her God, 'redeeming the time.'"

On the 10th (diary) at Leamington:—

"Let me record before I retire to rest the loving mercies of the Lord. After telling mamma what discouragement I found in trying to do good, she reminded me that it was when we were *strong* in the

closet that we were to expect to overcome and succeed *out* of it, and that declension in religion began there, and more that my conscience witnessed to, and it came to me, if I found myself guilty in *man's* sight, what am I in God's? At the prayer-meeting after service the Lord was present, and I presented my believing petition that I might receive the spirit of prayer, and never pass another afternoon without retiring to my closet."

On the 28th, writing from Norton to her cousin, Lucy says :—

"I had a very pleasant and profitable visit to Leamington, rousing to both mental and bodily systems. I have been much happier since, in trying to alter myself, instead of others; above all, constantly 'looking unto Jesus,' not the boisterous winds, tempestuous waves, my own want of faith and love, but Jesus. Surely the Christian life is the most joyous, casting all care upon Jesus. Oh, what infinite treasures are laid up in Him; the only obstacle to our reception of *every* good and perfect gift exists in *ourselves.* May I ever remain 'looking unto Jesus.' For long I have been discouraged by seeing no fruit in any of the members of my Sunday class, to all my teaching and prayers; but I think I have found it at last. On Sunday evening one of my old scholars, now in service, came to see me, and on my asking her, 'if she knew her sins were forgiven,' she replied at once, 'Oh, yes, and I am so much happier now.' She said she had known it for some

time. I asked her questions about prayer, the Bible, &c., to prove the truth of her statement, and I rejoice with trembling, for I think she *is* one of Christ's flock. I shrank from giving her advice, lest I should lead her wrong; but I did tell her in everything to ask God for direction, and to seek more and more of the love of God, and the destruction of every sin, and to try to draw others to the Saviour."

Early in the spring of this year Lucy again left England to spend a few weeks on the Continent. Sunday, March 6th, she passed at Cannes, where she was privileged to attend a church where the truth as it is in Jesus was faithfully delivered, and where she attended the table of the Lord. A letter to her cousin from Strasbourg gives some interesting particulars of her efforts to circulate copies of the Scriptures, and to speak a word on behalf of true religion wherever she went.

"*Hotel de Paris, Strasbourg, May 15th.*

"It is very dreadful in travelling among Roman Catholic countries to behold the multitudes perishing for lack of knowledge, *literally;* it, at times, makes me quite sad. I find the Testament is generally received most eagerly. Will you pray for a *great* blessing on the reading of the *few* I have given on papa's behalf, and my own? I felt almost overwhelmed with the honour of being allowed to give the *Word* of *God* to one of His creatures."

June 5th Lucy is again at home, and makes this entry in her diary: "In less than two days from

this evening, I shall have lived on this earth twenty-one years. It is awful! 'As thy servant was busy *here* and *there* it was gone.' *Here* and *there*, not steadily pursuing any one thing, here and there. O God, is it always to be thus with me? Alas! I am so utterly ignorant, that I know not even how to pray aright, or even whether my *desires* are only caused by my vivid imagination; but surely if I receive the gift of *Love Divine*, I *cannot* be mistaken; *that cannot* be hid; it is heaven, silently, *surely*, working in everything, great and small."

The eventful day to which she here refers was entered upon by her with serious self-examination, earnest prayer, and solemn renewal of her covenant engagement to be the Lord's. The subjoined note to her mother will be read with mournful interest as we remember how soon its youthful writer, in all the strength and beauty of opening womanhood, was laid in the silent tomb.

"*Norton House, June 7th.*

"DEAREST MAMMA,—

"Sometimes when you feel quite disposed so to do, I shall be glad to hear your voice through your pen; but you must not feel *obliged* to write. Prayers are more rapid in their course than the Post, for while God is listening to yours at Leamington, He is often granting the answers to me at Norton in nearness of access to Him when before the Mercy-seat. I felt it good to hold communion with Him last night,

and I lay long on the bed unwilling to let the remaining hours of my first twenty-one years pass away in sleep. I renewed the too-often-broken covenant for 'God to live.' And now the curtain is drawn which separates me from the happy years of childhood, the later ones of youth, and now I stand before God a responsible being—a woman. I hope I have put away the speech, thoughts, and acts of a child; and that now, 'leaning on my Beloved,' I shall be of some use in this world for which He died, denying myself, taking up my cross, and following His steps. Miss Lucas has given me Bagster's 'Morning Portion,'—that for to-day is on 'Men ought always to pray,' &c., bringing in the parable of the Friend at midnight. I thought it was just what *you* would advise me."

September 4th.—Lucy is at Weymouth. In her diary she says: "Being grieved last Sunday by seeing the boatmen plying for hire, I sallied forth with some hand-bills to the attack: two men, the nearest, were talking; I gave one a hand-bill about the *Sabbath*, he thanked me, and the other, one about the *Bible;* and then I said, 'I was so sorry to see them working last Sunday.' The one with the hand-bill about the *Sabbath* replied, 'I am waiting till it strikes ten, when I go to the doctor's. I never work on a Sunday, and hope I never will do; but, you see, some men are like obliged to do so; they have a large family, and get, perhaps, more of Sunday than any other day.' I replied, 'But the God who made us can sustain us,' &c. Then the other man gruffly

said, '*We have sense!* and we read our Bibles as much and more than many that *do* go to a place of worship.' I replied it was of no use reading God's Word unless we *did* it, and left them feeling as if I had been guilty of a great impertinence in interfering with such righteous personages."

On the 11th, at Leamington: "Begin to feel that I lack concentration; when engaged in reading the Bible or hearing it expounded, my thoughts wander hither and thither, and I lose profit; the same with devotion of every kind. Heard a good sermon from Mr. Davenport this morning, from the first two temptations of the last three of our Lord's before the expiration of the forty days in the wilderness. I noticed an observation, viz., that if the devil cannot put out a man's zeal, he will endeavour to pervert it. (Take heed to thyself, L. M. H.) I feel I *must* engage in some *active service.*"

On Lucy's return to Norton in October, it was proposed that she should teach a class of girls in the week, in addition to the one which she had in her own home on Sunday evenings. This request was the occasion of her frequently visiting the school at Greenhill, near Norton, during the remaining months of the year. Referring to it in her diary, she says: "I find, on considering about my having a girls' class, that I must first be 'furnished out of Thy treasury.' Again—"I hope to have my way made plain, and, if undertaken, I humbly trust that it will be a means of drawing me to closer union with my

Saviour. I wish I had more *thoughtfulness* and steadiness of purpose, and, above all, had love to my Saviour and His Word controlling every *thought*, word, and action." A later paragraph acknowledges "how, going to Greenhill in weakness, but hoping in God, she found a pleasant reception, and herself supported in her effort to interest and edify."

Under date November 20, we notice her remarks on the uncertainty of life, occasioned by the early removal of one of her young friends. "The young die in the morning of life; it has made itself clear to me that the only suitable way in which we can live is that in which we anticipate a visit from death every moment. God grant unto *me thus* to live, that whatsoever my hand finds to do may be done with *all* my might."

January 1st, 1865.—Lucy was present at the service for the renewal of the covenant, in Carver-street Chapel. Company being in the house, she grieves that she did not make due preparation for the solemn engagement; still she could with truth say, "Oh happy day that *fixed* my choice!"

On the 15th, at Leamington: "I have done nothing for God during the past week but take part of Elizabeth's tract district, and talk to her children's sewing class. I feel I have *lost* days. O Saviour, forgive this backwardness in Thy service, and lead me in the way of Thy will."

In a characteristic letter to her cousin E——, dated Grove House, March 21st, she writes:—

"Did I tell you I had begun a class of lads (to teach them reading, writing, &c., at their earnest request) at Leamington on Saturdays, for those who do not go to school? it is dreadfully *worrying*, and I have been seriously considering whether it is proper for me to go on with it. I think I will, altering my mode of procedure by having *both* reading the Scriptures to them and prayer to *begin* with; after which, and before commencing teaching, I shall turn out those boys who are really bad; and, as I cannot *see* the tricks they are playing (being short-sighted), I will have a woman in the room while teaching to keep order. Do you not think this will be a feasible plan? .... The Lord is dealing very mercifully with me, leading me by paths which I have not known; and though I cannot see the religious progress I am making, yet I *feel* I am advancing very slowly. Perhaps it will be a *life*-long work, for there is much land to be possessed; but how long will the *life* be? Oh that we knew that all those connected by ties of kindred would meet us in heaven!"

The last sentence assures us, as do many others which we might quote from her writings, that, in the midst of all this restless anxiety to do good to the souls of those around her, the salvation of those more intimately connected with her was never absent from her mind.

Her record of this date tells us that she wrote to one of these "an earnest appeal to love Him 'who first loved us,' and looked for a blessing upon it."

"Though I do not know the turnings and corners of the heart, He that is mighty to save does, and surely He will put forth His power. O Thou with whom I wrestle, give me strength to prevail, for I am out of joint. I am like a broken vessel, containing nothing in myself; 'I look for all from Thee.'"

July 30th (diary).—"I have begun my Bible-work (she had just taken a Bible district). While still hesitating, E. wrote—'Whatsoever, &c.' So I go from house to house, feeling utterly helpless in myself, but looking (or trying to do so) to Him to put words in my mouth, and bless them to the people. I have already met with four houses in affliction, so I think my appointment is of the Lord. I hope He will give me *perseverance* and *more humble* love. He has removed from me the fear of man as I go my rounds. My Beloved is love. Oh, that I loved intercourse with Him, and study of His Word *above all* things!"

At the end of this month (August) some young friends were visiting at Norton House, to whom Lucy tried to speak a few words in season about spiritual things. "I asked for help as I spoke, and trust it was given. May He bless the few feeble words spoken, and feebler deeds done for His glory. I dare not have done it at all, had I not looked to Jesus to teach me what seed to sow, and also to prepare the ground for its reception."

To the youngest of them she gave a copy of Bagster's "Daily Light," marking such passages as she deemed particularly suited to attract his atten-

tion, and asked one of her correspondents to unite with her in praying for a blessing on the gift.

September 1st, in a letter to her cousin E.:—"In my district to-day I have found an Irishwoman who cannot read, and seemed to know *nothing* of the Bible. I read the third of John, after which she told me she was a 'Catholic,' but evidently does not know the difference. So I left, having pointed her to the 'Son of Man.' Poor thing! she paid great attention. What a variety of circumstances one finds in a district! How much we need the wisdom from above, and what an honour to be co-workers together with Christ!"

January 4th, 1866, to the same:—"I shall think of you when at the Covenant Service. I am so thankful to have been quickened lately, so that I can enter with fervency of spirit into that most solemn service."

The following is a copy of a paper written by L. M. H., on the first Sabbath in this year, probably whilst waiting her turn to go up to the table of the Lord.

"CARVER STREET, January 7th, 1866.—Here in this house of the Lord, surrounded by His people, I write my thoughts. I have made a covenant with the Lord to walk *wholly* according to His will and pleasure, not to allow myself in anything I *know* to be wrong; to which I add this, by doing thus I shall soon be given to know what *is* right, and what is displeasing to Him. Oh, how far short have I come

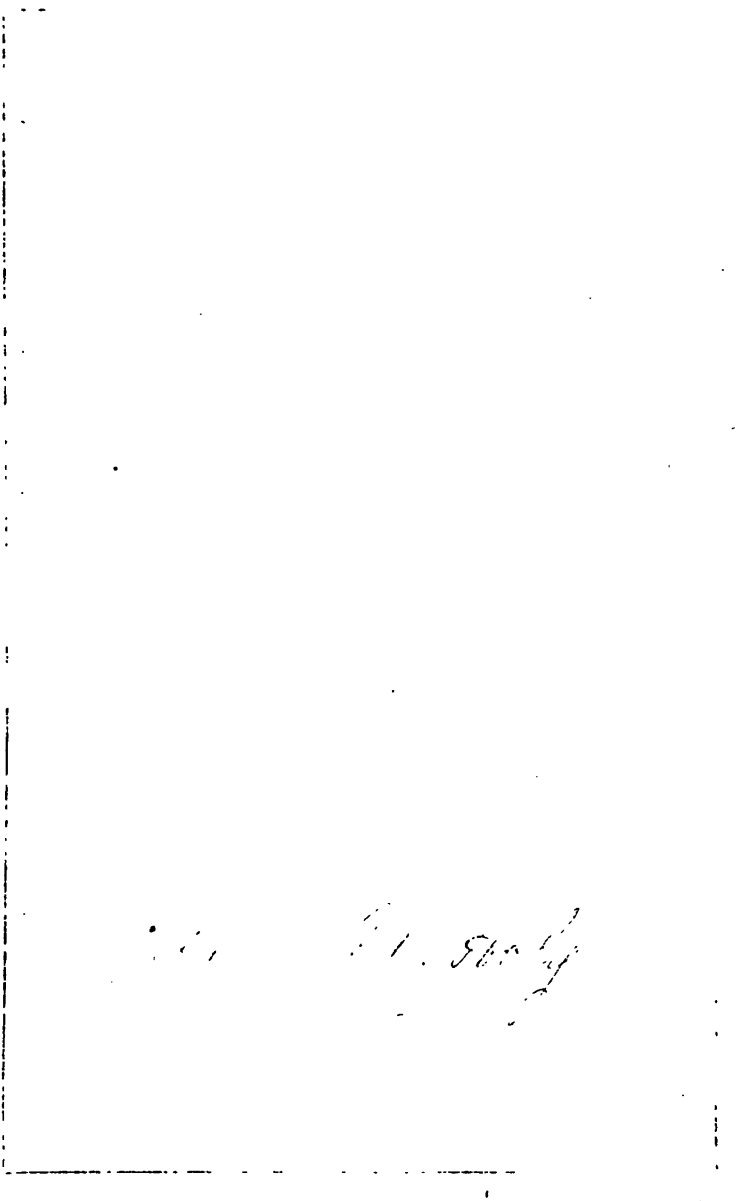
of my duty hitherto! Of this I am more fully persuaded, the only way right for a follower of Christ to live in is as if there was no other being in heaven or earth but God. O my Saviour, who hast blotted out my past sins in Thy *own* blood, didst give of Thy heart-blood to atone especially for that sin which during the past year robbed me of my *conscious* new birthright, hide me in Thy wounded side; let my flesh die, be crucified to Thee; let my spirit live and grow in Thee; be Thou in me. Let Thy love my whole soul devour; let me feel it *now*—now, as I am at Thy table. Let the Spirit of the Lord pervade and abide in me."

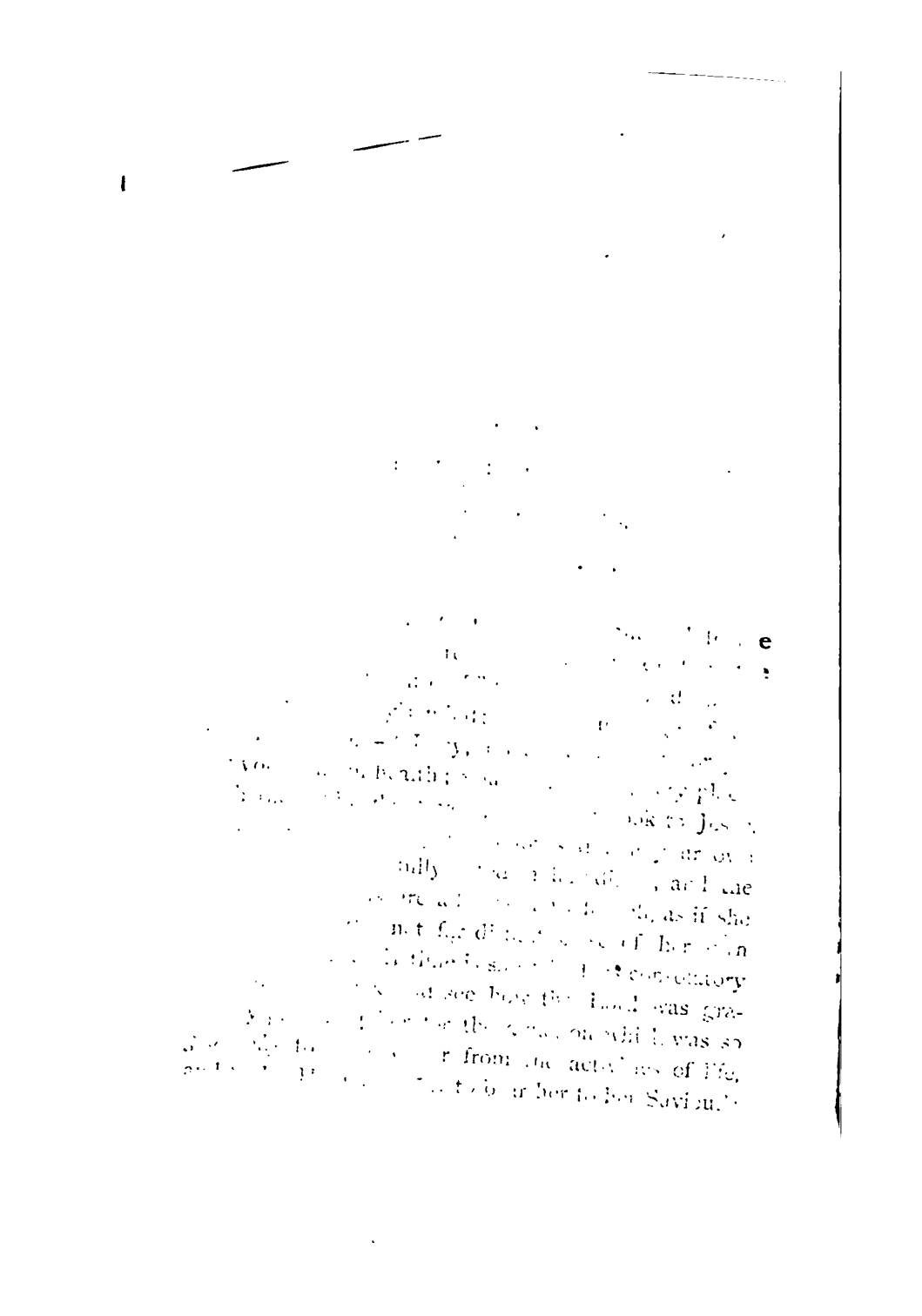
CHAPTER IV.

FAILING HEALTH.

"O days and hours, your work is this,
To hold us from our proper place,
A little while from His embrace,
For fuller gain of after bliss."

IN the spring of 1866, Lucy was summoned to the dying bed of a dear relative, one who died in the full triumph of faith. This visit made a deep impression on Lucy's mind; the last message of the departing saint—"Lucy, I have constantly prayed for you while in health; you stand in slippery places with the world about you; you must look to Jesus, keep close to Him; you cannot stand in your own strength,"—is faithfully noted in her diary; and the admonitory words are addressed to herself, as if she began to see the not far distant close of her own life,—"Go work, *thy* time is short." It is consolatory now to look back and see how the Lord was graciously preparing her for the affliction which was so *gradually* to seclude her from the activities of life, and to be His messenger to bear her to her Saviour's presence.





Lucy M. Holy

In June of this year she writes that she is learning to yield her own will to that of others. "Every act of submission brings its own reward. I am seeking to win souls in my district, but find Satan is striving to turn my energies into *any* channel but *that.* I lift up Christ, trusting His loveliness will draw souls unto Him." Would that every Sunday-school teacher and district-visitor could utter as truly the like words! Is it any wonder that so self-renouncing, Christ-honouring a worker should a few weeks subsequently be able to record, "I am lost in wonder when I think of the many blessings and encouragements to work the good Lord has poured upon me. Bless the Lord, O my soul! How careful should I be to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith I am called." At this period she commenced teaching a class of boys in the school at Greenhill, on Sunday afternoons; she writes of them that they have not been accustomed to be patient hearers: "But I thought them much quieter last time; still it is very different from my mouse-like girls' class in the evening at home, and rather confusing. I feel no amount of preparation on my part is sufficient to ensure even *any* profit without the Spirit's influence both with me and them."

During the month of October, Lucy paid a visit to her friends at Gunnersbury, which she greatly enjoyed. Here she met with the late Rev. W. M. Bunting, "whose conversation showed the Spirit of his Master in forbidding none who were labouring in

the vineyard. While at G—— I attended the last day of the Mildmay Conference, 'through the good hand of my God upon me;' and it was indeed good to be there; I felt through the whole of that day as if a powerful and wise friend were by my side, directing and guarding me, so that I had no fear, though a lonely stranger."

In the following December we notice the first approach of the insidious disease which at length proved fatal. "Friday, awoke without a voice; my district day." For a week she was confined to the house; then on Sunday afternoon she started for the school at Greenhill, but "wind and storm sent her back humbled." A week or two subsequently she thus writes:—"I know it is very difficult at all times to feel convinced that God does carry on His own work in the *best* way. I am learning now how wonderfully He teaches, so different from human ways; we seem often to learn by *ignorance;* then, how seldom do we know at the time, we are being taught; or, remember *in* times of trial that it is the *gold refining* which is so precious in His sight. I imagine we all *think*, if we but knew when He was teaching, we should learn much faster, and always remembered the reason of our trial, it would purify more effectually; but, no doubt, in this we show our ignorance. I am more and more surprised with the patience of the Lord towards me; He does not give me up, though I so frequently frustrate His intentions with regard to my holiness. You will remember the

trouble you had with me when I was first converted, how changeable and difficult to fix on anything; and I remember well your patient reiteration of those truths from which I constantly broke away, but which I at length, by degrees, made my anchorage—that I must trust to what Christ had done and DID *for me*, not to the *past*, or what I was doing for Christ. Well, it is just in a similar kind of way my sanctification is going on; I keep looking at the *course*, not the *goal*."

The first entry in her diary for 1867 is solemn and impressive:—

"January 6th.—This first Sunday of a new year, the thaw preventing us going down to the Covenant service, I privately, about three, in the dining-room, entered into a solemn covenant with my redeeming Lord, in which I promised to seek my happiness in Him, and His service alone; devoting *myself* with all I am, a steward for Him, without reserving anything; and, above all, I have promised to please Him in *all* things, ceasing from every known sin, especially that of curtailing my morning devotions, &c. I would also cease from seeking to please men, and desire alone the wisdom from *above*, being wise to win souls. I will bear with thankfulness every means He uses for my growth in grace, and knowledge and love of God, and submit myself to every lot He may appoint through life. I am consecrated to Him for ever—never, never to be my own again; dead unto self, which is sin,

alive unto God. This I do because I am the Lord's freedman, He having redeemed me from the dominion of Satan and death by His own life-blood, that I may serve Him in holiness and righteousness all the days of my life. I make this consecration in humble dependence on Him to whom I am consecrated, without whom I dare not do it; for my old nature is deceitful above all things, and it would deceive me in this matter. Now, dear Lord, let this covenant be ratified in heaven."

"LUCY M. HOLY."

Lucy continued to labour earnestly and successfully as a Sunday-school teacher and district visitor, as her notes testify, until the end of March, when she went to Leamington. On her return to Norton she wrote to her cousin:—

"You will, I know, rejoice with me that my past Leamington visit has been a season of such spiritual blessing; renewed and *fuller* consecration to my Redeemer's service; *power over the old man*, strengthened faith, and an enlarged heart, which cares more for the souls of others. 'Truly God is loving unto Israel;' still there is much land *to be* possessed, and I am thankful for *that*—it urges me to press onward. . . . . My soul was indeed a parched ground when I went, and some time after I arrived there; but the Lord kept me there by particular providences till His work was accomplished in me, and He had put the sickle in my

hand to reap the *earnest* of a future harvest of souls in that (the conversion) of a member of Elizabeth's Bible class, over whom she had been watching some time. . . . Now I am anxious about my Sunday girls' class, for I feel verily guilty of the blood of souls that have left, *unsaved*, when they would have been, had they been properly led to Christ, and asked for in faith. How are you going on, and how is the work of the Lord prospering in your hands? 'All things, whatsoever ye ask in prayer, *believe* that ye receive them, and ye *shall* have them:' this is God's word to you. Faith laughs at *impossibilities*, and cries 'It shall be done.'

> "'Give me the faith which can remove
> And sink the mountain to a plain.'"

On her journey back to Norton, thus encouraged and refreshed in mind, she improved every opportunity of doing good to others; taking care of a child whom she found alone in the train, speaking words of comfort to a poor woman who was in trouble, giving a book to another, &c.

Her father's illness and death in the autumn of this year, 1867, affected Lucy's health considerably, and for a time she was seriously prostrated. After her recovery she employed herself as before in teaching in the school, and visiting the sick in her own immediate neighbourhood. Remarking how many of her relatives and friends had died during the year, she says: "We seem surrounded by death,

and the *righteous* especially are marked, taken perhaps out of the way of the coming evil."

The close of the year was spent by Lucy with her mother and sister at Leamington. The concluding paragraphs of her diary are as follows—the last volume of it, with some other papers, having been destroyed by her a short time before her death :—

"Dec. 29th.—Very much enjoyed the Christmas Day service at Milverton. Christ, His work, past and present, *for us*, was the delightful theme. Mr. S. also observed how high a place we occupied in the sight of God by virtue of our being one with Christ."

1868, January 5th.—"The, to me, eventful year 1867 has gone; how little we can guess what lies for us in the present! We began it in prayer at the Watch-night service, Portland Street, and I enjoyed it. . . . The usual Covenant service I engaged in, remembering it was made with One who 'pitieth our frame.' I attended, for the first time, by virtue of my right as a member of the Wesleyan Society, which, after due deliberation, I joined last November. My rule as to dress is to be, 'Let your *moderation* be known unto all men.' . . . I must also be governed by the feeling of the Society relative to amusements, &c., as if I wound a weak brother I sin against Christ (1 Cor. viii. 12)."

Lucy had recently become an active member of the "Young Women's Christian Association" established at Leamington. A note written to her friend

Miss W., containing the substance of a paper which she had prepared to be read at one of the meetings connected with this association, is full of interesting thoughts:—

"*Norton House, March 1st*, 186?.

"DEAREST J——,

"It is a good thing you do not regret anything. I do the same just now with regard to my paper for the Y. W. X. A., which disappeared in an extraordinary way the very day last week I was going to send it to you. As I do not intend re-writing it, I will tell you in a few words the view I took of 'The best means of advancing personal holiness.' Working *for* God seems the most effectual way of setting the Lord always before us, and it is by contact with Him we become *holy:* of course, by 'working for God,' I mean work which we undertake from love to, and desire to please Him, and which He gives in answer to the look, wish, prayer, which says, 'Lord, what wilt *Thou have me* to do?' undertaken in the spirit whose cry is, 'Master, Rabboni,' 'spare not to command me; put me to doing, put me to suffering, make me anything, make me nothing, so that I may glorify Thee.' This work will, by our repeated failures in doing what we would, teach us *humility.* It will make us search the Scriptures, for the strengthening morsel for ourselves and needed one for others. It will drive us to supplication and prayer. It will give us a sober, watchful spirit over ourselves, lest by action we should destroy the effect of our words over others, that we may not miss an opportunity of doing the King's business. The con-

stant experience of the Lord's help and presence will increase our love to Him. I also think that the teaching of the New Testament is strongly in favour of *every one* who knows Christ seeking to bring others to that knowledge. Our Lord told *many* to do so distinctly, and the early Church could hardly have increased with the rapidity of which the Acts of the Apostles testifies unless by far the greater number of converts preached, or taught others. We know women *laboured* with even an *apostle*, and that apostle, the chiefest of the apostles, —so that nothing can be said against *their* doing it. What is constantly enjoined as a Christian duty cannot be neglected without loss and harm to the soul, while its performance is always attended by blessing, so that at any rate, if not the best means of growing in grace, and so advancing in holiness, it is certainly *a means;* indeed, almost the *last* injunction in the Sacred Volume is to each one to be a soul-gatherer, for, 'Let him that heareth say, Come.'

"I see that the next subject will be rather an awkward one for me, for I have infringed upon its province in considering *this* subject. However, I must *try*. I think I shall remember your meeting next Friday at the *time*, certainly so *before* it. Either that morning or Thursday I shall attend the first district meeting (and *last* to me) here. I wonder much if it will be only secular, or really spiritual and profitable. In the evening of Thursday I have my 'Young Women's Bible Class.' I hear that one was converted at chapel a short time ago. I only visited my district for the first time last Saturday (after her return from Leamington)—you may imagine how un-

happy my procrastination made me—and found a woman had found peace a week ago on returning from a Wesleyan meeting; while in bed she thought she heard a rushing stream by her, which she understood as the stream of Christ's blood washing her sins away. Well, any way, so that it is *the blood* in which they trust. I could wish to stay here now; there seems a moving among the dry bones in the parish: but have I not often prayed, 'Lord, work by *whom* Thou wilt, so that Thy work goes on,' and perhaps at times, requested Him to send by *other* than by me?"

The quitting of the home of her childhood and all its familiar associations, the parting from those who had known her from her birth, and who loved to see her entering their houses to speak to their children and minister to their sick, all this was a sore trial to Lucy, and demanded on her part a greater act of submission than perhaps many of her friends imagined. But having learned to trace every event in her life to the wise arrangement of a gracious Providence, she checked her grief, and inquired what further work the Lord had in store for her. Rest and change being now desirable, when the last words had been spoken, and the last look at Norton House had been taken, she went to stay for some weeks at Ashopton, a village in Derbyshire, where her labours for the spiritual welfare of the cottagers were greatly blessed by God to their instruction and salvation, and also to the quickening of her own piety.

Lucy took a very lively interest in the Bible-

women's Mission; her pen and her tongue were often employed in pleading on its behalf. The following extracts from a letter dated June 22nd, 1868, Leamington, refer to the pleasure which she derived from witnessing some of its workings in operation:—

"I am emerging from the whirlwind by which I have been rotated lately; we returned from spending a week in London last Saturday, during which time my long-felt desire to see the Bible-women's district about St. Giles's has been gratified. Mr. Arthur gave me an introduction to Mrs. Ranyard, and though she was from home, and I was so disappointed of seeing her, yet her friend, Miss H., gave me every facility for seeing the work; and on Saturday I went to Mrs. Ranyard's and saw 'two Pioneers,' with whose work in forming districts for ladies and Bible-women you will be well acquainted."

Lucy was now constantly occupied, whenever she was at home, in caring for the instruction and salvation of the people in her district (Althorp Street, Leamington). In September of this year Mr. Hammond held some special services for children at Leamington, much to Lucy's profit and delight. She thus writes of them, October 22nd:—

"Mr. Hammond's visit has been a great blessing to me, quickening my desire to save souls, and thrusting me into the work; I could not attend his meetings so often as I would, perhaps this was ordered specially by God for some wise purpose. . . . . I feel so puzzled what to do with the children, how to deal

with those who are only deeply impressed, or whose faith is not the true one; then, again, if I should attempt to lead on those who know the Lord, or leave them to the Spirit, who will guide them into all truth. What is to be made of those who, with an indifferent stare, tell you they are saved? Are we to say that all such are *not* so really? . . . . 'The kingdom of Heaven is like a net which was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind.' Ah, I want my net to gather only the good, the thorough, the whole-hearted! also, I see I shrink from encountering cases that show they require much prayer and labour. A truce to self. . . . . What a drag upon the wheels of the Gospel chariot are half-hearted Christians! . . . . I have begun in connection with a very good woman a Monday night prayer-meeting for children, in which I am looking for conversions in those who are as yet only *impressed* by Mr. H.'s meetings."

A week after this date Lucy went to London for her health, "to get all taut" for the winter, as she phrased it. The truth was, that symptoms of a consumptive tendency continued to manifest themselves, and caused considerable anxiety to her friends. Her notes give us an insight into her life whilst there.

She writes to her friend Miss W., from London, December 3rd:—

"I have been engaged in ministering, in trying to lift 'eyes that are weary and hearts that are sore' to Jesus, and it has raised me too: you know I could not find comfort in myself, my own troubles, &c., so had to keep clear of it all, and look upward, and

now I hunger for Him. He seems the Author and Finisher of all I need; oh, for more of the Spirit of Light, His own Spirit, yea He himself! Many words and passages you have given me have been useful; and I hardly dare think how many of my opinions are changing. Can you give me the title of any little work on 'the *finished work of Christ?*' I have been asked for it; anything which shows how completely Christ has answered every requirement of God's law, and now constantly satisfies every claim, so that we are 'complete in Him.'"

December 9th, to one of her cousins who had recently been in London:—

"I have just dined after returning with Madame from George Yard; as we got there the children were pouring out, and Mr. Holland at the door. . . . . Oh dear! I can enter into your mingled feelings on seeing the children—it is like a tempest tearing through your heart. We were in a great hurry, but those half-starved ones that remained sang two of Mr. H.'s hymns. The little *teachers*, about twenty, were gathered round the girl who has been with him about fifteen years, reading out of the Testament. It is no use speaking of feelings, actions are what God looks for; and I ask myself, Shall I look long enough to Jesus, ever to be dedicated, heart, mind, and body, to such a service?"

Anxious to embrace every opportunity of doing good, Lucy, on every suitable occasion, spoke earnestly of the love of Christ, and of the need of personal salvation, to the children and servants in the different families where she stayed during her

sojourn in London. Speaking of the servants of one household, she writes, December 20th :—

"I have two or three of them to a Bible reading and prayer every morning; they seem impressed. Oh, for more *faith* and perseverance to follow out with *prayer* what good work may be begun. Did I tell you two of the servants at Hinde Street professed to believe to the saving of their souls? I saw —— to-day; she *seems* to be still happy in Jesus. I exhorted her to go to Lord Radstock's services. . . . . I am so glad you compare Scripture with Scripture, sending the people to their *Bibles* to *prove* whether these things are so: if there had been more *Bible classes*, and this, there would not be so much of the *two Rs.*, where people are taught to take the word of *man* instead of that of God. . . . Shall I say, don't let people *rest* on a hymn because it is *beautiful*, but because it is in the Word?"

December 29th, Lucy writes from Leamington :—

"What rest and strength it gives when we can commit ourselves and all our concerns into His hand! I wonder if you can do this daily? . . . I find this giving myself up to Him is always accompanied by readiness to do *anything* for Him. What unlimited promises are ours when we are in this attitude of soul! surely it is the receiving attitude; we receive orders, promises, supplies, instruction; and as every communication with Him brings Him nearer to us, we receive of Him, and He is love. Oh, for more of His indwelling, for more free circulation of the sap of our Vine, that we may bring forth much fruit to His glory! As we look forward

to the New Year, our only trust is in His help; our weakness will still be the same; our strength will still be the same."

In January, 1869, we find Lucy as before, giving much of her time and energy to the school in Althorp Street. Some sheets of texts having been sent to her, she writes: "I nailed up your texts over the dirty parts of the school walls, so they enliven the whole. We had a new staff of teachers, young men, and seventy scholars. I thought I would do a *little*, and do it *well*, so had two *big* boys, one an old scholar, on the stairs, plenty of fresh air and attention."

A few days later, being confined to the house on the Sabbath with a cough, she says in a note to her cousin: "My head feels rather mossy for want of use, and my mind goes back to the beautiful exposition of that splendid Psalm xci., which Mr. Davenport gave us last Sunday." After giving some notes of the sermon referred to, Lucy adds: "Truly, if we will not take *His* easy yoke, we shall be galled with those of our own making; if we will not make *His* burden ours, we shall be *cast down* perhaps with worldly ones; for burdens and yokes of one kind or the other we must bear."

Again, March 11th: "I feel more and more convinced that the calm, waiting attitude—'Lord, send me Thy work'—is much blessed by God. 'He that *believeth* shall *not make haste*;' the restless disposition must *rest* in Christ before it is a fit instrument

for His work. *However* small and crooked the branch, if it abide in Him, it brings forth much fruit. 'Without *Me, ye* can do nothing.'"

In April, Lucy accompanied some of her friends to Borth, on the Welsh coast. Here, as in every place, she sought and found opportunities to commend her Saviour to those with whom she met. Spending a lovely day among the hills, gathering ferns, she worked with her scoop to fill one basket, while she emptied another of copies of the "British Workman," and other attractive periodicals of a like character, by distributing to any passer-by who could read English.

October 12th, writing of a sermon on the Day of Pentecost, which she had greatly enjoyed, she says: "I am *dead*, and cannot speak with life and power till I get this (the gift of the Spirit). . . . Last Sunday I resolved just to seek for *communion*. 'He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit;' so I will try with persevering patience to wait for this, and then with love and peace in my heart go forth, or stay at home, be anything or nothing, so that He *guide* me by His counsel. . . . . Ah, it is comparatively easy to be all aglow when surrounded by others burning with love to the Saviour and sinners; but after all it is in quiet and private that the power comes."

Again, November 2nd: "The necessity of *always* rejoicing in the Lord has been powerfully laid on my mind by 1 John i. 4, linked with the last clause of

Nehemiah viii. 10: the circumstances of (the Jews in the time of) Nehemiah seemed of all others to demand sorrow; they heard of their sins and transgressions, *yet* they were not to dwell on *them*, but on their deliverance from them, and so walk uprightly in 'the strength of salvation.' "

The next month found Lucy again in London, hoping that the treatment which had proved beneficial to her on her former visit might again be of service; but the accounts of her health received from time to time were not very cheering.

December 6th: "I trust you have got rid of your cold; I can sympathise with you, having kept the house for some days in deference to the Professor's orders. But I get on the whole a little worse with stupefying over the fire; so if a pathetic appeal does not induce him to liberate me, I shall do so, *nolens volens*."

Again: "I have not been to any evening services at Hinde Street, as the Professor forbad; but I intend slipping off, as my cough is better."

December 10th: "Having a respirator, I crossed the street in search of a prayer-meeting at the chapel, which I found in a corner-room. . . . We had an earnest prayer-meeting, good petitions, like those who are accustomed to pray in secret. It cheered me somewhat." Thus closed the year 1869.

CHAPTER V.

LAST DAYS.

"Those we call the dead
Are breathers of an ampler day,
For ever nobler ends."

THE disease from which Lucy had long suffered now seemed more rapidly to develope, and, as a consequence, her suffering increased; but its severity only served more fully to unfold such traits as belong to the higher life, and her spirit through the chastening was being better trained for that state on which it was soon to enter.

In February, 1870, speaking with reference to her curtailed means of enjoying the society of her friends, she remarks: "I seek to realize it is ordered wisely." And to one of Lucy's active and cheerful nature the increasing seclusion, which was a necessary result of the progress of her sad complaint, was no small trial. Again she writes:—"I cannot yet regard myself as an *invalid;* and yet they say if I do not I may have *chronic* bronchitis. The Lord mercifully spares me serious pain, and I feel quite spry, except when my throat is queer, or my cough

shakes my head, when I become very *stupid* and *cross.* I often think, if I am saved, it will be 'so as by fire.' . . . . Yours is a blessed suffering unto life; as you say, 'a blessed thing;' mine, I argue from the nature of my complaint, *unto death;* death of the body that the spirit may be saved in the day of Christ."

Later in the month she writes:—"I am here (London) in search of quickened circulation, which this time I have failed to find, and don't see any reason to keep me here after the 20th; but as the cold makes me a prisoner, I cannot go till a warm day comes. I set myself to get nearer to Christ when I came; but I was further from Him than I thought. It is *bare* faith by which I hold on to Him. But I would with great thankfulness acknowledge He has in His word, and meditation, given bright *glimpses* of the Life, the Truth, the Way. While mourning over a sore trouble one night came the thought, this is in answer to my prayer that I may love Christ *more* than these. The 'bright' was faded out by morning, but the bare truth remains. The constant allusions to the 'works' and 'labours' of the seven churches has been a continuous condemnation to my soul. I have read past now, and I was wonderfully struck with the ascriptions of praise and those who joined in them, to the Father, and to the Son, distinctly to each, and then to them united which follows in Revelation. There was much I failed to comprehend; but I

was struck with the *separate* Persons, and, above all, the burst of loving ascription, fit for Him who showed such amazing, *enduring* love to every creature. As we are reading in the family, Matthew xxvi. xxvii., the contrast is startling; I try to realize it. Oh, that some heavenly power would seize my body, soul, and spirit, for I cannot give myself! I prolong my morning devotions by reading J. Haldane Stewart's life, no doubt well known to you. How devoted he was to his Master's glory! What persevering endeavour to secure more spirituality in his own soul and in those of others! Truly, He that walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks would say of him, 'I know thy works, and service, and patience, and thy *labours*.'"

The following extract is from a note to the same correspondent, written at Leamington:—"April 7th. You are quite right to stir me up by putting me in remembrance of how much our enjoyment of Christ depends on our vigorous *belief* in Him, and so thought of Him. I am reading the gospels now—just finished St. Mark, which I tried to read from a Roman's point of view, and so receive the impression it would be originally calculated to convey. The simplicity with which such mighty works are related strikes me as grand." The next note is addressed to one who had frequently been a sufferer.

"Your last welcome letter breathed the spirit of conflict all through. When in this state we often sigh for rest, *present* rest; yet is it not the condition in

which Christ's followers *should* be found? Did He not tell them they were not to expect peace, except *in Him?* Our attitude towards evil is standing; no rest, no lying down, till we arrive in the heavenly places where is no evil; nor is it only a campaign where is much idleness, but a *battle*—'agonize,' this state is set before us as one to be aimed at, to be earnestly desired; therefore, when in the thick of the fight, let us not forget this, but rather exult that such is our condition, through the grace of God. But we are weary. Blessed weariness! in following the Master to glory; was He never weary in spirit? Which would you this moment be: sore perplexed and weary in the fight under Him, or weary of inaction? Then let us not forget that the Captain has His eye on us, and when we need it will say, '*Come* ye yourselves apart, and *rest* awhile;' and only the weary workers or fighters know what that rest is. The Psalms are for fighters; make their language your own. *I* cannot, because I am only weary of indolence. I know my words are weak, yet they may prove the fit ones; if not, their writing will do me good, though I am sorry if they are stupid. . . . . I go out every day, most days *twice;* sometimes in the morning I take my stool to a field near here, and sit in the shade reading or writing, or 'mooning.' I feel thankful for the phaeton, only I have a trick of keeping it out too long. As to losing my cough, perhaps it will get blown away on the top of the

'Beacon' (one of the Malvern Hills), as I intend to ride up there every day."

In July, Lucy was recommended to go to Malvern, to try the effects of treatment at one of the establishments. She went, "hoping that she should alight on some Christian friends." Her notes to her various correspondents afford us glimpses of her life as an invalid, and prove that she still possessed that inestimable boon—

> "A heart at leisure from itself
> To soothe and sympathize."

Glanelly, July.—"Mamma has taken our apartments for a month; after which I expect she will move on; but if I perceive any benefit, and it seems the will of God, I shall remain till winter. . . . . My bath-woman lost her little idol, a beautiful child of two-and-a-half, some time last year, and now she cannot speak of her without distress and tears; she tries to think of her in heaven, as to dwell upon what she was quite unhinges her. I try to direct her thoughts not only to the present place of 'the flower,' but to Him who has her safe; still the heart is very sore, and I fear trying to heal, lest I give unnecessary pain; and, on the other hand, lest she should have her hurt 'healed slightly,' through the avoidance of the necessary probing. I hope I shall not grow weary of this delicate task till I see her drinking in consolation from Him who loves her and her child, and both more than she did. What a

terrible calamity is this war! He that sitteth in the heavens is high over all. I rather join in the *Standard's* remarks for France. It is after dinner now; broiling has begun, the joints of my thoughts are dissolved."

Again, to the same: "Dr. G—— comforted my mind by saying this morning that this state of my throat could not fail to affect the nerves, that the brain would feel it, and so get wearied (and I idle and stupid); that is, in E.'s philosophical parlance, the vehicle by which the 'ego' manifests itself gets idle and stupid, or perhaps I should say, inert."

Glanelly, September 29th (to her Aunt at Southport):—

"Certainly my movements are a contrast to yours; it is a question when I shall live at home. I went up to London to have my throat examined; and the doctor says he has seen throats like mine cured. I must reside in his neighbourhood for three or four weeks, and at the *first* be *near* him for a *daily* application to the throat; after that less frequently, when I shall fly London smuts, perhaps to Hampstead, if I am strong enough for the journeys to and fro. Then, if I cannot go to the South of France for the winter, it must be the South of England. I leave here next Monday for a day or two at Leamington, prior to my London exile, for I dare say Uncle will say the sooner the ulcer in the throat is checked the better. I find sucking ice a relief. . . . . I enjoy the pony exercise greatly; it just moves my body without tiring, and the docile things carry me along the

breezy heights, where I *could* not climb to see the inspiring view, and breathe the air which is like life. . . . . And now, dear Aunt, may I ask you to pray, not for my recovery, but that by any means my soul may be made HOLY, whether by life or death. I *dread* the idea of being restored to lead such an inconsistent life as I have led. By *holy*, I mean made like Christ's Spirit."

It was the light shed upon her life by the near approach of eternity which made Lucy thus bewail the inconsistency which others could not see; but a constant and believing application to the blood of Christ sustained her even in these circumstances.

She now quitted Malvern for London, to be under further medical care. The ulceration of the throat was rapidly extending; the disease in her lungs was hopelessly progressing; and her voice was hushed for ever. From this time she could only speak in a whisper. She broke the journey by resting at Leamington for a day or two, and it was then she burned the last volume of her diary and many of her papers, and made other arrangements as for a final leave-taking. After being a short time in London a little improvement was reported; but winter coming on, she was advised to proceed further South, and she joined her mother and sister at Bournemouth, on the 5th of November. It was a bright, clear day, and Lucy insisted on walking from the station to the house, a distance of at least half a mile. The following morning, which was Sunday, she attended service

in the Wesleyan chapel; but unfortunately she took a fresh cold from doing so.

In a letter dated November 18th, Lucy remarks:—"Your question, wherein you would place yourself in the attitude of learner, struck reproof to my soul. What have I been learning in the school of affliction? Ah! where has been 'the opened ear of the learner?' Dull, like the oyster, except to what it receives; only, as the fable is, receiving a drop of heavenly dew, a pearl within it of Divine origin; and these, which the Divine Gatherer of jewels implants, He will find like a treasure hid in the *earth.* There is one kind of effect which the waves of affliction produce on the oyster; they alter its form in spite of itself. So I have grown thankful for absence of pain; I can now *sympathize* with mamma in her sufferings; and one or two things of heavenly wisdom I have heard and received. When, at Malvern, I saw death in near prospect, *all* appeared to me to be for eternity; life so short, its various changes so insignificant, when all had this little life only given to *prepare* for *eternity,* which is the real life. The look of indifference on those who were not preparing for it would shock *me,* and I had 'to the margin come,' and I expected to die. Then a horror of the painfulness of my death *seized* me—suffocation. I quiver as I write. But I put it in my Saviour's hands, remembering when it came He could remove the horror entirely, and give calm. You will have noticed how much pain increases the moment you lose your self-command. If

bad before, it is worse after. . . . . I wonder how the unconverted bear pain. One hears of dreadful sufferings. Mr. H. says, 'Receive pain from God with reverence,' and I found *that* thought quieted a troublesome toothache. I find I have lost any self-restraint I had; the least thing provokes the feelings."

This was entirely attributable to Lucy's increasing physical weakness; but with her usual jealousy over herself, she judged her own case harshly, and in the next few sentences expresses her fear that with so much "comfort, advice, and precaution thrust upon her, she had fallen into a 'horribly *exigeant* way.'" She then continues:—"To sacrifice our pleasure for others, oh, B——, this is hard to weary flesh and blood; but it is the training for an *eternity* of ——; growth in perfection and unsullied bliss. I have just begun to take a fresh view of my case. It is that the Lord, in answer to prayer, may keep me lingering on. . . . . We have had the young preacher at dinner this week. I found a little conversation a great relief."

To another of her correspondents Lucy writes during this month:—

"Dear E. has been with me in my afternoon walk. At 3.30, our return, there was no evening chill as usual; and now, as I look up, the sea and sky and promontories are bathed in light haze, and the pier (and its legs look so weird) like one of Turner's pictures. Dear E. is puzzled as to the resemblance and non-resemblance of sea to heaven. Just one thing! its *apparent* limitlessness may have some characteristic

with a heaven of eternity. . . . . I am struck with Luke viii. How full it is of instances of our Lord sealing to Himself, by loving actions, *individuals.* First I was struck with the women, 'healed of infirmities' — poor, suffering women! Perhaps some hidden thing, making life a burden, and 'He took it away and made life a joy.' Then the poor demoniac *entreating* to be with Him; then the poor woman who touched and lost her infirmity; and perhaps we may gather, women followed our Lord ordinarily, and, emboldened by their presence, she pressed through. Then a ruler and his wife; and, lastly, the little maid herself."

Again, to the same:—"Learn, my dear, to build your castles only in the heaven of heavens. How little we know of the secret springs of the heart! I feel now as if mine was a labyrinth to which I have not yet got the key. Yesterday was one of misery, but God gave me two or three hours alone while M. and E. went to chapel and class, and then an atmosphere of peace descended, and I could pray and think. Yes, 'condemned,' *and* 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all sin.*' I had been trying to *shuffle* off sin, instead of boldly facing it. 'If we say we have no sin,' &c. It is so nice to be left *alone* sometimes, wanting nothing for the body. My dear, you cannot imagine how the trifles, and omissions, and slips of others worry me; and if I am *suddenly* put out, it takes hold of my frame, and makes me really weak; and, if before breakfast, it seizes a

bundle of nerves, and shakes them, and makes me feel my brain quite irritable, and goes through the day, I fancy; and then a small annoyance becomes an intolerable grievance, and goes on enlarging. . . . I can hardly walk at all, either for breath or strength; but throat, praise God, has been well; all S.W. winds. Ah! dear, you and I want the same 'Jesus' to absorb our hearts, whether from one object or many; and is not God so working with us just now as to make this absorption easier? Let us, like the balloon, cut the cords, even though heart-strings, and *mount;* it is for the good of those we leave."

On Sunday, December 18th, Lucy attended service for the last time. The following evening she went to a tea-meeting, held in the Wesleyan chapel for teachers and tract-distributors, but she was only able to remain in the room a little while. The weather was very cold, and we do not wonder that the next morning she should describe herself as "wheezy, and puffy, and sleepy."

She writes, December 20th:—"I am not so well; on the descending scale at present, in consequence of dull weather; my spirits descend with it, so this note partakes. I was delighted to see B.'s note. I think your family must be very happy just now as a family. 'Oh! could I through ether fly,' I would be with you at chapel and dinner on Christmas Day. I have at last got a piano, so my fingers can sound at discretion, 'Christians, awake!' I will imagine how many entertainments appertaining to Christmas your family

will be called on to grace. Ask uncle what we poor 'solitaires' are doing. I told him, and dare not write more lest an inhibition should descend. It is *sometimes* very wearying to be an invalid, and I am sure it is a work for God when you see the discontented, fretful look on the face, to pour over it a word, look, and perhaps touch, of sympathy. Oh! it runs over the irritated frame like healing oil. Last Sunday, on arriving at chapel, we found ourselves smoked out, and went on to the Scotch church, where we had 'Weary souls that wander wide,' and another (hymn) we well knew to mamma's delight. . . . . I am so delighted to have new beauties in our Lord's actions taught me in Luke."

On one of these days of nervous depression mentioned in the foregoing notes, Lucy, unable any longer to endure the burden of physical weakness and control her feelings in the presence of others, retired to the solitude of her own room, there to pour out her heart before Him who became for us "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Her sister took to her an illuminated text just received from a friend, containing the words "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." In about an hour afterwards Lucy returned to the drawing-room refreshed and cheered; the precious words on the card, so full of a Saviour's love and sympathy, had fallen like balm upon her troubled spirit, and from that time the text occupied a most conspicuous place in her bed-

room, where it remained till all suffering for her was over, and faith was exchanged for sight.

December 23rd found Lucy busily arranging little packets of affectionate greeting to salute her friends and relatives on her behalf on Christmas *Eve;* for, as Christmas Day this year (1870) fell on Sunday, she was as careful as ever not to infringe in the smallest degree on the rest and sanctity of the Sabbath. One of these envelopes bore the words, feebly traced, "A very happy Christmas Sunday to you. Thanks for your sweet letter. I am not stronger." It was the only intimation she would give of her increasing weakness; she did not wish that the brightness of the day should be dimmed to others by the knowledge of her sufferings. She was very poorly on Christmas Day, and could not join her mother and sister as usual at dinner. To amuse her a little, it was suggested that she should give a tea to the Sunday-school children; it would be a Christmas entertainment for her to provide the little ones with a treat. The idea was adopted at once with delight, and she gave directions for its execution. The treat was given the following Tuesday, but Lucy was unable to leave the house, so that she could not witness the children's enjoyment as she had hoped to do.

Her sister remarks, "On the last day of the year she went to bed about ten o'clock, hoping that she would be able to sleep and to wake up, as she usually did, about midnight. She was left alone, but had not

been to sleep when I went to her about three minutes to twelve. She was startled to find it so late, and seemed disturbed. I said, 'We shall meet again the end of this year.' She looked at me and said, 'How do you know?' I answered, 'You will often come to me, will you not?' She replied, 'I do not know what work the Master has for me to do; I shall do what He gives me.' I then prayed, and left her."

As she could only whisper a few words at a time, and those only with great difficulty, Lucy frequently wrote what she wished to express on a slate or slips of paper; one of these notes was found by her mother, on which was written the epitome of a mournful meditation, which could not fail to fill those who read it with a deep anxiety which they were not able to express; it was as follows: "I would rather die of starvation than of suffocation." On another occasion, when lying on the sofa, her fingers busily employed on a little token of affection for one of her relations, she took up her pencil and wrote, "Supposing I could crochet good influences into these cuffs," leaving her sister to infer how great her happiness would be, and giving the assurance that, amid her own distresses, she still continued to remember others, and to commend them to God in silent prayer.

As Lucy's strength declined she sought more earnestly to enter into the "rest which remaineth for the people of God," the enjoyment of that "perfect love which casteth out fear." To know this blessed Sabbath-keeping of the soul had long been her

desire, the subject of many inquiries, and of many fervent prayers; nor had bright glimpses and gracious foretastes of what "God had even on earth prepared for them that love Him," been wanting in her experience, as we know from her own testimony; but now there was an ardent following on to know the Lord which knew no interruption. Discouraged on the one hand by her own repeated failures in attempting to reach the object of her earnest aspirations, and strengthened and stimulated in the way of faith on the other through the instrumentality of a clergyman who at this time visited her, Lucy, to use her own words, "gave up all, and threw herself wholly upon the Lord Jesus Christ" to be saved by Him to the uttermost; at once her soul attained full satisfaction. Early in the new year she had made the request to a friend, "Will my sweet sister pray that my soul may be filled with His love before I depart?" Now the answer was given—henceforth she had but one object of thought, and desire, and affection: it was *Jesus.*

When paroxysms of severe suffering came on she was often greatly distressed; but concerning these moments she would remark with a smile of joy—"When the pain leaves me, the sweetness all comes back." She requested her friend Miss C. that whatever state she might be in, however ill, restless, or even apparently unheeding, and whoever might be there, she would always speak or sing to her of Jesus; her last notes to her friends contain the same idea:—

"Jesus my Saviour is my one desire to think of. My sins, like a drop, are swallowed in the ocean of His love, and now I shall rest in His bosom."

To another, "His perfect love I confide in."

> "O Love, thou bottomless abyss,
> My sins are swallowed up in thee,
> Covered is my unrighteousness,
> Nor spot of guilt remains in me."

"The thought of getting away from weariness to *rest*, I have to combat with; it is a fleshly one. I must try to wait His time with perfect content, and get rid of impatience."

In the night she would frequently wake with the words, "Jesus, precious Jesus," escaping from her lips. About a fortnight before her death, her maid found written upon the slate which she used as a means for communicating her thoughts, the words, "O death;" the invalid asked her to finish the sentence, which she did by adding, "where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Lucy said, "Is that all? that won't do alone, who is it all through?" And then she herself wrote, "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

On the 13th of January, Lucy pencilled a last note to her cousin E.; the few sentences which it contains are evidently written in great weakness, many of the words being so faint as to be scarcely legible. The letter is as follows:—

"I think I can write a *little* now. I have learnt that pain and weariness make heaven to be desired

as rest; but chiefly have I realized I am a drop in the ocean of Christ's love, and as the old chief said (referring to the experience of a converted heathen which she had read), 'My sins like mountain—one drop of blood dissolves it.' I cannot think of Him as often as I would, but in the evening (when she was generally a little easier) I can cast myself upon Him, and feel His arms are beneath me. As to the *manner* of my losing breath, I try to leave it to Him and not think of it. Mr. Bunting's (Rev. W. M.) death I was struck with. Throat *bad*, and I cannot go to London (to see Dr. M. about it). Much love to my praying E. Ask that weakness may not degenerate into sloth."

A few days later the tidings from Bournemouth were:—"Our precious invalid is much worse to-day, gasping for breath as she sleeps." The note which brought this sad intelligence also conveyed the intimation that the presence of two of her cousins from Southport would be very welcome to Lucy. They set off immediately.

Sunday, January 22nd.—Lucy was a little revived from the exhaustion of the previous week, and was carried on to the sofa in the drawing-room early in the forenoon. It was her last Sabbath on earth; and as if sweet foretastes of the heavenly rest to which she was fast hastening had been vouchsafed to her, as she lay there tranquil and smiling, she beckoned her mother to come to her, and whispered, —"Mamma, I am so happy. I wanted to tell you, I am so happy in the love of Jesus." After a while

her thoughts seem to have wandered to the loved Sunday-school work which, whilst health and strength had been given to her, had occupied so many of her Sabbath hours; for she said to her sister, "I should like to go into a little school when I get to heaven, and be taught to sing by Jesus." Noticing from the window the boys who drove the pony-carriages used by the invalids there standing idly about, she sent her maid to them with copies of the *British Workman*, and said, "Oh, if some one would only go to them, and talk to them about Jesus, and get them to read the Bible, and leave off swearing." On another occasion about this time, busily thinking of the welfare of the young which she could no longer actively promote, she whispered, "Oh, take care of the children! older people can mostly take care of themselves; but if children are trained to love Jesus when they are young, they will love Him when they are old."

The cousins from Southport arrived at Rothesay, Monday, 23rd, one of whom is able to give an account of Lucy's last hours from notes taken at the time. "In answer to our inquiries we were told, 'You will find Lucy looking very ill to-day.' The dear invalid hearing our voices as we entered the drawing-room, at once sent for me to come to her, and said, 'Kiss me for every one whom you have left at Southport—uncle, aunt,' &c.; going through the list of the family. I feared I should exhaust her, but no, she would not desist till she had kissed me for each

member of the home circle. I found we had been remembered by her on the journey, and hearing that we had spent a quiet, profitable Sunday on the way, she exclaimed, "I am so glad—I thought you would have one—I had been praying for you." In the afternoon she asked me to read to her—one of the Rev. W. M. Bunting's letters, out of the volume of his "Life and Correspondence." Whilst I was doing so, she whispered, "I do so like what he says of death" —"That the presence of Christ is the paradise of the saints?" I inquired; "No, not that," she replied; "but he says that death is *abolished*, that there is no death now since Christ came, to those who are in Christ." In the afternoon, the doctor coming in, she asked if he could apply something to relieve the choking sensation in her throat, which was distressing her greatly. He told her he would try to give her what help he could, but he feared he could not do much for her; "it is the progress of the disease." Immediately she bowed her head in token of assent, saying with sweet submission, "All right, all right." In the evening she greatly enjoyed having part of the 1st chapter of St. John's Gospel read to her, and hearing the hymn—

> "Let earth and heaven agree,
> Angels and men be joined,"

repeated to her.

Tuesday, 24th.—Lucy had passed a quiet night, and seemed quite refreshed in the morning. As usual, she asked to have her bedroom door left open

when we assembled for family prayer, that she might unite with us in the act of devotion. After being carried into the drawing-room about noon, she was interested in looking at the pictures in the *Illustrated London News.* When her cousin, Mr. J. S. Sutcliffe, who had been on a visit to her, approached to take leave of her, she whispered, "Farewell, the *sting* of death is *removed.*" In the afternoon she pencilled a few words of love to a friend; it was the last note from her trembling hand.

"Once more I write to you, and say my only hope is Jesus, the Elder Brother, who has made me a child of the Father. . . . . Eternal love to thee who hast led me so often on to the way again of glory everlasting. Adieu!"

Thinking it might interest her as she lay there so quietly, yet watching all our movements, I read to her a letter from a young Christian friend in which a sentence of the Rev. G. S. Rowe's was quoted—"God's love is infinitely greater than all your need." She looked up with a beaming smile, and said, "Oh, that is just what I feel! I am a drop lost in the ocean of God's love." During the evening she became restless; congestion of the lungs set in; her breathing was painfully laboured; the window was thrown open to relieve her, and other means were tried; but all proving unavailing, she was carried into her room, which she never left again.

Wednesday, 25th.—I went into the invalid's room

early, hearing that she had passed an unquiet night. She was lying very placidly on the bed; and when I expressed my regret that she had slept little, she answered with a smile, "Oh, pretty well." She requested me as usual to "say something" to her. I repeated the 116th Psalm; she evidently enjoyed it, and would not allow me to cease speaking when her breakfast was brought in. A box of beautiful hothouse flowers, sent by one who knew her tastes well, reached her this morning. She amused herself for some time arranging them in various dishes and vases, and with as much skill and pleasure as if their beauty were needed for the adornment of some festive scene, rather than to deck the chamber of death. Looking upon them she said, "They come to me like a waft from heaven." She made a bouquet of some, and sent it with a kind message to an invalid in another room. A white flower (I think it was a primula) she held for a long time, looking at it most lovingly. "*God's* flowers, are they not?" she said with an inquiring look. "*Yes*," was the answer; "they are His workmanship even as we are." "I thought I was right in saying *God's* flowers," she answered. I looked at her as she lay, fading even before them, and repeated the verse—

> "*There* everlasting spring abides,
> And never-withering flowers.

A smile lighted up her pallid features as she assented, "*Yes*." She could not bear anyone to

look sad or desponding in her presence; she knew no cause for either grief or fear. To every inquiry, "Are you happy?" or "Is Jesus precious?" the answer was always prompt, "Yes," and "On the Rock I cannot sink." When she spoke of a longing to depart, which her maid interpreted to imply that she would then be free from suffering, saying "Yes, you will feel no pain there," she waived the remark immediately by the reply, "I shall see Jesus."

Another time she musingly inquired, "I wonder what my work will be in heaven?"—being told that she would sit at Jesus' feet, and hear His words, she quickly rejoined, "Oh, but I am sure there will be some *work* for me to do; but I must wait till I get there to know."

On Wednesday evening, when we went into her room, Lucy whispered, "Annie has been reading the first and second chapters of John to me. I am so struck with the contrasts—God the Word—the Maker of all things, being made flesh—turning water into wine for His creatures' use."

The doctor, upon finding her so ill, having intimated that she might possibly not live through the night, her mother sat up with her, in addition to the nurses. Her exhaustion was very great, in consequence of the difficulty she had in breathing. To soothe her, she asked her mother to repeat—

> "There is a land of pure delight,
> Where saints immortal reign."

Thursday, 26th.—Towards morning Lucy became a little easier, and was able to converse at intervals. Her cousin J——, trying to elicit her feelings with regard to her dying so young, asked, "Has yours been a useless life?" She replied, "Yes," but afterwards recalled the word; "No, not altogether; there have been some bright spots, oases, little bits of usefulness here and there, but there are some for whom I have long prayed who will be converted by my death. I am Samson"—slaying more in death than in life, she meant. Again and again she uttered her wonted request to those who stood round her bed—"Say something." The verse was quoted, while she lay listening as if entranced—

"He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend—
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore."

It was remarked to her that almost all the ransomed host of God's elect are like their great Captain, made perfect through suffering. She answered, "Yes, but I am not yet made perfect—the experience of the past night has taught me this. It has been a kind of *test* night to me, and I thank Him for it. He is with me, or I never could have endured what I have passed through. I do not know what the last conflict will be, but Jesus will be with me."

Part of the third chapter of St. John was read to her, and the preciousness of the word "whosoever," in the 16th verse, was dwelt upon, Lucy heartily assenting.

In the afternoon, as I sat by her, at her desire repeating hymns and texts, a violent fit of coughing came on. After it had passed, as I supported the feeble frame, for a moment there was a look of distress upon her face, as she asked, "Oh cousin, when the phlegm rises in my throat, and I am too weak to cough, what *must* I do?" Soothing words were said, in reply, that we did not think she would suffer much at the end; but that even if it were so for a moment, the Lord Jesus would come for her in that *same moment*, and take her to Himself; it would be the survivors who would suffer. At once she regained her usual composure; smiling her thanks, "I see, yes, I see." I went on to say,—

> "But oh, when that last conflict's o'er,
> And I am chained to earth no more."

She interrupted me, and leaning back on her pillow, whilst a heavenly radiance spread over her countenance, she said, "I never think of death as a *conflict* —I think of death as Jesus coming to take me in His arms—my Saviour, Brother, Friend, yes, and my *Father* too."

Immediately after this conversation an esteemed clergyman from Leamington called to see her. She put out her hand to welcome him, as he entered the room,

and, in answer to his inquiry, "Have you peace?" she instantly replied, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." She then added, with reference to her sufferings, "I need patience, but I need patience! I cannot sleep at night." He repeated to her some precious passages from God's Word, and after commending her to the love and faithfulness of her heavenly Father, in words of earnest supplication, he bid her "Farewell;" Lucy responding with a smile, "We shall meet again."

Soon afterwards she asked one of her cousins to read Ephesians ii. to her; her mind meanwhile filled with sacred memories of that Sabbath afternoon when she first realised that she was "made nigh by the blood of Christ." Referring to the 13th verse of the chapter, she expressed her wish that it should be inscribed upon her funeral card and gravestone; that *alone*," she repeated, with all the energy she could command.

Her breathing was now becoming exceedingly difficult, and to her physician, who was standing over her with great sympathy, endeavouring to make some suggestion which would relieve her, she said, "This is a *hard* trial." Dr. N. replied, "But the Lord Jesus will help you to bear it." "He *does*, He *does*," was the quick rejoinder. As the evening wore on, it was evident that the restlessness which so generally precedes death was coming on. With a look of indescribable sweetness, she asked to be carried into the drawing-room; yet added, in a spirit

of perfect patience, "as *you* please—as *you* think best." Instantly her words spoken only that morning recurred to mind: "I am not *yet* made perfect;" and as we marvelled at the complete submission now manifested, we said within ourselves, "Surely this is the finishing-stroke, the last touch given to a soul made meet for heaven." Though obliged to deny her this request, we suggested that she should be laid on another bed in the same room; and this change of position she accepted gratefully.

Wishing to hear some music, Miss C. played to her some of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words;" she was evidently soothed by the sweet sounds. "Thank you—now a hymn;" and we sang two verses of the one commencing "Jesu, lover of my soul." We waited for the next request—it was for a few words of prayer; and as we knelt around her couch, and gave her up to Jesus, and pleaded that she might now consciously realize the fulfilment of the promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee," she seemed to be much comforted, and said that, resting on that word of promise, she could go to sleep. Her medical attendant, re-entering the room, and finding that she was sinking rapidly, in accordance with her expressed wish that he would tell her when he knew that she was dying, took her hand, and said, "My dear Miss Lucy, you

will not be surprised if the Lord Jesus should come for you to-night." "So *soon*," she replied, with a look of surprise: "Oh! I hope I have left nothing undone which I ought to have done,"—referring to some little arrangements of which she had previously spoken. "You will be glad to go, will you not?" "Oh yes," she answered, "I shall."

About an hour afterwards, as she still seemed scarcely to apprehend the truth respecting her death, now so near at hand, I said to her, "The Lord has been very gracious to us, to keep your mind so clear to the end." "To the end?" she inquired, "has it come to that?" "Yes," she was answered, "you have only a few hours to be with us; you will not be here when to-morrow's light shall shine." Immediately trying to rouse herself, she spoke of having several things which she wished to do. "Bring me my Bible—where is Annie?" And as her faithful nurse bent over her, weeping, she put the treasured volume into her hands, saying, "Here, Annie, I wish you to have my Bible, and may Christ be as precious to you as He has been to me." Other messages were given; and then, at her request, she was lifted back into her own bed. As we laid her there she waved her hand, and faintly whispered her favourite word of farewell —"Adieu, adieu, adieu." A few minutes later she desired to be moved on to her other side; we endeavoured to comply with her wish, but not succeeding to her satisfaction, we heard the characteristic words, "Do it in *proportion*," her

head being a little in advance of the rest of her body.

At eleven o'clock we heard her exclaim, "What did the publican do?" then, answering herself, she continued, "he cried 'God be merciful to me, a sinner,'—he saw the smoke of the atoning sacrifice, and put his trust in that alone—(then some words were inaudible)—just those two things, and his sin *could* not *abide the sacrifice.*" After a pause, her cousin went to the bedside, and inquired, "Is Jesus with you now?" "Oh yes," she replied." "Are you still happy?" "Why not?" she quickly responded, as if surprised at the question. About half-past eleven she asked us to sing "Rock of Ages." With trembling voices, at that solemn hour, we sang through the hymn; when it was concluded, she whispered, "Splendid." Having again given her testimony that she feared nothing, with Jesus in her view, she gradually sank into unconsciousness; and at a few minutes past midnight she entered into rest.

"Thou, in thy youthful prime,
Hast leap'd the bounds of time:
Suddenly from earth released,
Lo! we now rejoice for thee;
Taken to an early rest,
Caught into eternity."

Her precious remains were brought back to Willoughby House, and conveyed thence to the cemetery, Warwick.

The inscription which she chose, to the praise of

the glory of His grace who redeemed her by His own blood, and sanctified her by His Spirit, is now engraved upon her tomb—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF LUCY MARIA HOLY,
WHO DIED AT BOURNEMOUTH,
JAN. 27TH, 1871, AGED 27 YEARS.

"But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ."—*Eph.* ii. 13.

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